

Américas



MAPPING LATIN AMERICA

A MENACE PAYS OFF

for cartoonist Hank Ketcham

ON THE BRAZILIAN SCREEN

Woman potter models

VENEZUELA IN CLAY

ON TOP OF THE CONTINENT

at Chilean-Argentine border

25

cents

Brazil's Lima Barreto, who wrote, directed, and acted in movie *O Cangaceiro*, prizewinner at 1953 Cannes festival (see page 13)



Américas

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Dear Reader

The development of international organization, a characteristic sign of our times, is creating a new class of public officials that is still in the process of being defined. There is as yet no charter of duties and rights of the international functionary. The recent discussion of presumably subversive activities of international officials will serve to give the tremendous public of more than sixty nations a better idea of what it means to be the servant of a group of states. But we must not expect all the obligations of international civil servants to be defined in regulations or statutes. There will always be a wide field in which precise standards are lacking, where only the conscience of each individual can govern justly.

On an abstract and absolutely unreal plane, the international official would be a sort of man-without-a-country, charged with performing functions requiring extreme objectivity amid the conflicts and differences of opinion among the nations that make up the organization. But no one is or can be countryless. Some tie binds everyone to the land where he was born or that he adopted as his own. One could be intellectually countryless, if he were totally indifferent to the concept of nation. Such a being is contrary to nature and, if he existed, would be poorly qualified to serve an international organization, which is an instrument of relations among the states, among nations, among homelands. A person who has no firm national concept cannot be interested in international organization, unless as a means of weakening national forces or attempting a supranational government. None of the international organizations existing today tolerate such a point of view, nor did any country join them with such aims. An international civil servant with such views would naturally slant his activities in a dangerous direction.

An international functionary who has a clear concept of nation, and a pure affection for *his own nation*, must nevertheless refrain from serving his country directly or giving it preferential treatment. He can take instructions only from the group of nations associated in the organization acting collectively, never from a single government, whether that of his own country or any other. At times the job he has to do may have been ordered by an international vote in which his country was in the minority. In such cases, he must have a very high conception of duty and responsibility in order to keep his head in a conflict that involves allegiances as well as ideas. Only the certainty that there are people capable of acting correctly amid such difficulties makes it possible to conceive of the existence of international organizations.


Secretary General

Opposite: Aztec diorite mask of a man suffering from facial paralysis.
Pre-Columbian collection of Robert Woods Bliss, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

CONTRIBUTORS



The enormous task of "Mapping Latin America" aroused ROBERT A. LUSTBERG's interest while he was stationed as an army English-Spanish public-information specialist in the Canal Zone, where the Inter-American Geodetic Survey has its headquarters. Born in New York City, Mr. Lustberg lived in Buenos Aires from 1934 until early in 1947, when he returned to the United States to enter Middlebury College in Vermont. He followed up his bachelor's degree with an M.S. from the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. For a time he worked in the New York office of the news magazine *Visión*. In Panama he combined army service with jobs as a stringer for *Visión* and as night copy editor of the daily *Star and Herald*.



CAROLINE F. WARE made her latest visit to Puerto Rico a busman's holiday, and the result is "Puerto Ricans Join Hands," an account of island efforts to help people help themselves. Professor of community organization at the Howard University School of Social Work, Dr. Ware is the author of the widely used manual *Estudio de la Comunidad* (Study of the Community), published by the Pan American Union. She has taught at four University of Puerto Rico summer sessions and in 1948 was in Venezuela as consultant on community welfare to the Rockefeller-financed American International Association. At present she is consultant to the Social Work Section of the PAU Division of Labor and Social Affairs.



FLORENTINO BARBOSA E SILVA, who writes of his country's developing film industry in "On the Brazilian Screen," is contributing to its progress through his work as an assistant in the motion-picture department of the Museum of Art in São Paulo. He also teaches a course on the economic and legal aspects of movie-making in the Museum's motion-picture seminar, and, assisted by his students there, produced the documentary *Tiranos* (Tyrants). The art magazine *Habitat* frequently carries his articles on activities in the movie field. A member of the organizing committee of the Brazilian Federation of Movie Clubs, he served as chairman of the First Brazilian Congress of Movie Clubs, held in São Paulo in 1949.

The cartoon business in general and Hank Ketcham in particular are dealt with in "A Menace Pays Off" by AMERICAS assistant

editor BETTY WILSON, who undertakes research into the comic-strip field first thing every morning. Philadelphia-born and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, she worked for the Curtis Publishing Company there before coming to Washington to join the staff of the *Bulletin*, AMERICAS' predecessor.



When her husband was appointed to a diplomatic post in Guatemala, MACA BARRETT delved into that country's colonial history. Her favorite of all the colorful figures she thus came across was "The Hapless One"—Beatriz de Alvarado, the Hemisphere's first woman governor. She is now writing a historical novel based on her life. The daughter of a Dominican diplomat, Mrs. Barrett has lived or traveled in many countries. As a child, she played with the little *Infantas* when her father was Ambassador to Spain. Later he was transferred to France, and she studied at the Sacred Heart Convent near Paris. On a visit to the United States, she took a job in the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and met her future husband there.

No stranger to AMERICAS readers is the twenty-seven-year-old Venezuelan poet and journalist who writes under the pseudonym RAFAEL PINEDA. This month he describes how the potter María Luisa Zuloaga de Tovar creates "Venezuela in Clay."



The trek GORDON MACDOUGALL describes in "On Top of the Continent" was made while he was in Chile as director of courses at the Chilean-North American Center in Valparaíso. His first experience in Latin America was provided by the air corps, when, as a meteorologist, he was sent to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Panama, and British Guiana. Mr. MacDougall is a New Englander and a graduate of Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, Longfellow's alma mater. He has taught Spanish at the University of Michigan and at Phillips Academy in Andover. At the moment he is working for the government in Washington.

James Bryant Conant's controversial new book, *Education and Liberty*, is reviewed by Panamanian educator FRANCISCO S. CÉSPEDES, chief of the PAU Primary Education Section and formerly Director General of Education in Panama. Another local authority, Spanish-born anthropologist ANGEL PALERM of the PAU Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences, evaluates *Buzios Island*, a study by Emilio Willems of a southern Brazilian community. ENRIQUE NOBLE, who teaches Spanish at Goucher College in Baltimore, discusses a fellow-Cuban's contribution to U.S. understanding of the Cuban national hero—Manuel Pedro González José Martí, *Epic Chronicler of the United States in the Eighties*.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



Precision theodolite is main sighting tool for distance calculation in cooperative program to measure the Hemisphere accurately

MAPPING LATIN AMERICA

Robert A. Lustberg

HIGH IN HIS COUNTRY'S RUGGED MOUNTAINS, a Colombian engineer searches the night horizon with a precision instrument that looks like a short-snouted telescope. Suddenly he stops turning it, for he has found his target, a light on a peak thirty miles north. He reads off some figures to his U.S. partner, who jots them down in a notebook, then looks for another glowing marker off in another direction. This operation may go on till past midnight and be repeated several nights in a row, depending on the weather. The men work at night because they can get more accurate readings then than during the day, when the heat waves cause more horizontal refraction. When

all the bearings from this point are recorded, the engineers will pile their instruments, sleeping bags, food, water, and other supplies into a truck and a jeep and set out, with the two workmen who complete the team, for another station farther back in the highlands.

Similar groups are doing the same job not just in Colombia, but in the hot, lush jungles of Brazil; on Bolivia's high, arid plateaus; in the gleaming islands of the Caribbean; on the jagged coast of southern Chile—in seventeen Latin American countries in all. What they are doing is the first step in the long-range process of accurately mapping Latin America. From the Rio Grande

to Tierra del Fuego, Latin American engineers are working with employees of the Inter-American Geodetic Survey, a U.S. Army outfit with headquarters in the Panama Canal Zone, in the Hemisphere's first large-scale, international cartographic program.

Their mission is vital to planning for economic development as well as for defense. As the IAGS director, Colonel Robert R. Robertson, puts it: "Our ultimate objective is the production of finished maps. Maps are basic. The development of highways, railroads, power and irrigation projects, or any other major [engineering] work of man can be undertaken only after a map has been created."

Even in the relatively well-mapped United States, airplanes have crashed into ridges that weren't on their charts, reservoirs have proved useless because of inadequate surveying of their location. Existing maps of Latin America are in many cases inaccurate, incomplete, or on too small a scale for practical use. IAGS surveyors recently discovered a river that had always been thought to be in Colombia—across the border in Panama. Early in World War II it became apparent that better topographic maps of Latin America were urgently needed. Aeronautical charts were especially in demand, for fliers even found that charts prepared by German airlines had been deliberately faked.

Geographers and cartographers all over the Hemisphere had long been demanding better and more uniform maps and urging that geodetic surveys be tied together across



From peak in Colombian mountains, Inter-American Geodetic Survey engineer Forrest Hall picks spots for markers

national boundaries. These have been basic aims of the Pan American Institute of Geography and History ever since it was established in 1928. In 1941 the Institute created a special Commission on Cartography to speed up the work. Through international consultations held in Washington, D.C., in 1943, Rio de Janeiro the next year, and Caracas in 1946, this group established uniform standards of accuracy for geodetic measurements, studied the technical problems involved in making topographic maps and aeronautical charts, and outlined the job to be done. At this point, the United States offered an arrangement to help finance the actual field work and get it under way—creation of the IAGS as a unit of army forces in the Caribbean command, so that engineer officers and civilian army employees could work directly with their skilled colleagues in other countries on the basic survey. IAGS was inaugurated on April 20, 1946, and mapping agreements were subsequently negotiated with the countries involved. Enthusiasm for the project ran high when topographic maps of sections of the Venezuelan coast, prepared by the U.S. Army Engineers from photographs taken by U.S. Navy pilots, were displayed at the Caracas meeting in August.

Twenty-six engineer officers, an equal number of non-coms, and some 275 civilian employees were assigned to the new unit, under the direction of Colonel Fremont S. Tandy. It was given twenty years to complete the basic measurements and prepare the individual countries' technicians to finish the detailed mapping operation. As arrangements with the countries were made—diplomatic agreements are now in effect with all but three of the Latin American republics—they contributed the services



Party taking altitude measurements crosses a Colombian river via local cayuca ferry service



IAGS field workers pitch camp at a high spot in Peruvian mountains

of their own specialists, workmen, mechanics, and so on. Men are needed to do leg work with tapes and rods, build towers, hack lines of sight through the jungle, maintain signal lights, and perform a myriad other tasks. At present, the U.S. contribution represents about two million dollars a year, and the seventeen cooperating nations put in several times as much. In each country, local and U.S. engineers work in collaboration with the national cartographic institutions—for example, the Geographic Institute of Colombia, or in Peru, three agencies, the Military Geographic Institute, the National Aerial Photography Service, and the Navy Hydrographic Office. In some countries, where cartographic work is relatively advanced, the IAGS has served mainly in an advisory capacity, but in some other areas it has undertaken most of the job itself. IAGS officials point with special pride to the set-up in Colombia, where a balanced, model project has Colombian and U.S. technicians working side by side, with the local men, as they gain experience, gradually taking over the operation. It is one of the IAGS' primary aims to make itself unnecessary by training local specialists.

The field work can be rough. Days and weeks away from the comforts of civilization are usual. All extremes

12,294 feet, were constantly being interrupted by mountain lions. Not only did the animals kill two of the party's burros, but their incessant yowling made sleep almost impossible for the eight days the observations took. Another time, a driver just managed to escape when a flash flood swept his jeep away in a ravine near Coro, Venezuela.

Tragedy struck a surveying party in southern Chile in March 1952, claiming the lives of two Chilean and two U.S. engineers. They were members of a party of six making their way to posts about two hundred miles south of Puerto Montt in an eighteen-foot inboard motor boat. In the Moraleda Channel, a huge wave smacked the boat and tossed all six into the icy, churning waters, and only two were saved. Fortunately, however, such accidents have been extremely rare.

A more cheerful incident involved a "gringo" engineer, his Bolivian companion, and a boa constrictor that suddenly confronted them. The surveyors managed to kill the snake, and a long, involved discussion of the edibility of reptiles followed. Anyway, they had boa constrictor, roasted over an open fire, for dinner.

The helicopters are being used mainly in Panama, Colombia, and Venezuela, and in places they have been



Point located by survey team in center of circular "turn-around" will be easy to find later in aerial photographs



Tidal gauge across Guanabara Bay from Rio de Janeiro, used to find mean sea level as starting point for altitude measurements



Even gravity must be measured to find exact latitude and longitude of key reference point

of weather and temperature are faced in the open, with tents for shelter. Some observation points can be reached by truck or jeep, but others require burro or foot travel. The engineers consider themselves luckiest when their destination is completely inaccessible except by air—for then they get a chance to ride to work in one of the nine army L-19 monoplanes or the eighteen Bell H-13-D helicopters IAGS has strung throughout the operating area.

U.S. workers in the field find new peoples, new customs, and exciting new scenery, and all the surveyors are apt to meet with unexpected adventure. One day in 1951 Raymond L. Harris, an engineer in the Peruvian project, reported that his sightings near the La Mina station, at

met by barrages of arrows. In one case, Indians apparently thought the planes were spreading poison that was killing their sheep and goats, which were actually dying from lack of water. Luckily, the archers' aim has not been too good.

The surveyors must make two basic kinds of measurements, to find out the horizontal distance between fixed points and their elevation above sea level. It would be an endless task to measure off the distances between all the points that should be located on a map of the Western Hemisphere with tapes stretched by hand, making due allowance for all the mountains and valleys in the way. So the engineers use a method known as triangulation.

A base line of precise length is actually laid out on the ground, with both ends securely marked. Then, by sighting on a third point from each end of the line, the distance to it can be computed geometrically as a function of the angles the sight lines make with the base. Other points can be fixed in the same way, and sightings then made from them to extend the network. The Wild T-3 theodolite, worth fourteen hundred dollars, is the main instrument used in this process and permits very accurate calculations. Indeed, standards for the basic survey require that the length of a line carried through a series of triangles between two measured bases must not be off more than one foot in twenty-five thousand. No triangle's three angles may add up to over three seconds more or less than the perfect 180 degrees, and the average discrepancy for the system must be less than one second. Base lines themselves must be measured with a probable error of less than one part in a million. A different kind of theodolite, even more precise than the T-3 and costing over eight thousand dollars, is used for astronomical observations to check the results of the land measurements.

The process of determining altitudes is known as leveling, and must start at sea level. Tide gauges at the shore are used to determine mean sea level. More than sixty

readings per kilometer. A mathematical correction is applied to eliminate error due to the curvature of the earth.

To keep the Swiss-made precision instruments functioning smoothly and to provide rapid repair service in case of damage, the IAGS has set up in its Balboa headquarters one of only three shops in the world equipped to do this work. The others are in New York and Switzerland.

The seventeen survey projects are in constant contact by mail and radio with the IAGS nerve center, a comfortable, white, two-story frame building on a tree-lined Balboa avenue. There a small but highly specialized staff makes technical checks on the field reports, coordinates activities, and sends out new instructions. Copies of all survey data are sent to the Army Map Service in Washington, D.C., the professional parent of the IAGS, which keeps them for reference. Each cooperating nation keeps copies of all measurements of its territory. The survey is establishing basic arcs giving precise altitudes of fixed points and distances between them, but before complete new maps can be made the individual countries must finish the job of secondary surveying on each side of the measured lines.

In the operations section of the IAGS, not far from the headquarters building, I checked with Operations



Observation party gathers distance data by triangulation in Ecuador



Equipment is carried over rough terrain to reach survey station in Haiti



Exact length of base line for triangulation is measured along railroad track in Cuba

are in operation around the Latin American coasts. It would take nineteen years to make a separate determination of mean sea level at a single station, to allow time for complete cycles of all the major tidal variations due to the movements of the solar system. But in practice the level can be determined by comparing a year's continuous observations with the records of other gauges in the same area. Level lines are sighted between "bench marks" with another Wild instrument, built basically on the principle of the ordinary carpenter's level. After the sightings are completed between two markers, the same ground must be covered again in the opposite direction, with not more than four millimeters' difference in the vertical

Chief Major Arthur T. Surkamp on the progress of the work. Running his finger over a cellophane-covered map on the wall, he explained, "With the exception of a gap in the Mexican Gulf area and a couple of holes in Peru and Chile, we have completed a new Latin American reference arc, and those gaps should be closed within the year." This arc, tied in with work previously done in North America, will give mapmakers throughout the Hemisphere a new reference line, unmistakably located, from which to measure off additional points. A major operation is currently under way in Mexico, where a heavy concentration of Mexican and U.S. technicians is

(Continued on page 40)



How cartooning became big business,
and how one man goes about it

a Menace

PAYS OFF

Betty Wilson

THERE ARE TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT on how to read a newspaper. You can start with the major stories on page one and go on from there to the editorial page; the more hardbitten members of this school subscribe to the *New York Times* or the *Christian Science Monitor*. Or you can turn to the back for the comics and catch up on the news some other time; most people belong to this school, including many who swear allegiance to the other.

What are the comics? They are an abomination, if you consider the trigger-happy heroes and villains of the gorier comic books, and a real art form, if you belong to one of the intellectual cults that have grown up successively around *Terry and the Pirates*, *L'il Abner*, *Barnaby*, and *Pogo*. They are authentic Americana dating back to Benjamin Franklin, who was the first to put dialogue in balloons, and who also did advertising strips. They are big business, and have been ever since Bud Fisher, in 1912, signed a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year contract to draw *Mutt and Jeff*. At any rate, their popularity is undisputed, both in their native land and in the countries to which they have been exported.

The tradition of graphic humor is strong in the United States. In their day—which dawned in the 1870's—the pioneering weeklies *Puck*, *Judge*, and the old *Life* caught in pictures the characteristic U.S. irreverence and penchant for overstatement along the lines laid down by Mark Twain. But the first comic strip of the type known today did not appear until the nineties, when R. F. Out-

cult started a Sunday series that eventually blossomed into *The Yellow Kid*, the saga of a plate-eared slum boy. Its success was immediate and its imitators were legion. In 1907 the *San Francisco Chronicle* began publishing the first daily strip, signed by Bud Fisher and dealing with a tall, amiable no-good named A. Mutt. Two years later Mutt made the acquaintance of a short fellow of similar character, one Jeff, and the comic-strip form hit the big time.

The twenties were the golden age. There were two mushrooming syndicates—Chicago Tribune Features and King Features—to bring comics into every home. There was untold wealth to reward those who succeeded in winning public favor; in 1928, for example, a former sports cartoonist named Robert Ripley, who had once quit the *Chronicle* because he wanted fifteen dollars a week instead of the twelve he was getting, accepted a syndicate offer of \$156,000 a year for putting together the collection of oddities called *Believe It or Not*. There was a general frame of mind receptive to novelties and to any kind of non-thought-provoking entertainment; gaudy journalism flourished, and the crossword puzzle and comic strip stole newspaper space from national affairs.

The rising popularity and hence monetary value made their ownership a question of some moment. As far back as *The Yellow Kid*, cat-and-dog competition had resulted when Outcalt switched employers and the first paper continued the original strip with another artist—a rivalry

so heated that it is said to have given rise to the term "yellow journalism." The first man to take such a case to court was Bud Fisher. Did his syndicate own *Mutt and Jeff* or did he? He did, ruled the court, and could draw it for whomever he chose. Another early strip, *The Katzenjammer Kids*, brought the author, Rudolph Dirks, and the syndicate, which held the copyright on the title, into court. In a rather ambivalent decision, the syndicate won possession of the title and Dirks was conceded the right to go on using the characters he had created. This he promptly did, in the more popular and still-extant *Captain and the Kids*. A recent example involved Milton Caniff, whose worldly *Terry and the Pirates* was at one time required reading for every college student. Created by the then-unknown Caniff at the behest of the syndicate that employed him, *Terry* was unquestionably syndicate property. So Caniff, feeling that he was worth more money, and wanting a tangible asset to bequeath to his wife, left *Terry* and the syndicate a few years ago to start *Steve Canyon*, a roughly similar strip on which he holds the copyright.

A surprising number of old-timers are still in existence: *Mutt and Jeff*, of course, though Bud Fisher no longer does it; *Bringing Up Father*, the adventures of a resolutely lowbrow Irishman—immigrant humor went over big in the early part of the century—and his social-climbing wife; the easy-going world of *Toonerville Folks*, with its ramshackle trolley and picturesque citizens, still drawn by Fontaine Fox after nearly forty years. And from the twenties, *Orphan Annie*, a melodrama concerning an incredible (to many, impossible) child and her equally unlikely dog; *Dick Tracy*, which started the cops-and-robbers trend; and *Gasoline Alley*, actually started in 1919, a sound example of the "typical family" strip, noteworthy because its infant hero was allowed to grow up.

But styles were changing. In the twenties the term "comics" was an accurate one; by the forties a good half of the strips were out-and-out cliffhangers or soap operas. Something, after all, had to take the place of the extinct dime novel. More peculiar still was the growth of cults.

This phenomenon meant, first, that the intelligentsia had forsworn its privilege of sniffing at the comics and succumbed like everybody else; second, that there was a whole new school of sophisticated comics capable of arousing strong feeling. Caniff borrowed movie techniques for the art work in *Terry*, created a full-blooded cast of adventurers, and put into their mouths the kind of smart dialogue people wish they could talk. One episode in *Terry* shocked the starched syndicate owner, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, beyond speech. In the guise of hillbilly comedy, Al Capp's *Li'l Abner* satirized businessmen, the Senate, Orson Welles, and whatever else came to hand. Capp, a highly articulate man who regards himself as a philosopher, explains that there are three classes of *Li'l Abner* readers, ranging from the boobs who understand only the surface jokes, through those who appreciate his topical satire, to a stratospheric level perceptive enough to catch his underlying meaning. The best of all this is that if you belong to one of the upper two



The Ketchams—Dennis, Alice, and Hank—at home in Connecticut



"If some pretty girl wot has got a good altogether will pose fer me I'll paint a nood. I'll ask ballet girl; she's a peach."

Panel from the historic *Yellow Kid*, first regular comic strip. Kid is pondering ways of making a living, none of which includes work



It's 1926, and founding hero of *Gasoline Alley* dresses for first day in kindergarten. He now has children of his own

classes you can look down on the rest and sneer. Among the most recent is Walt Kelly's *Pogo*, a gentle satire based, in the manner of George Orwell, on a colony of animals. There are even people who avidly follow the stilted dialogue of *Joe Palooka* or the thinly disguised politicking of *Orphan Annie* just to torture themselves.

One of the most successful contemporary practitioners of this art is a dark-haired, bespectacled young man named Hank Ketcham. Ketcham's stock in trade is a sort of zany realism—an ability to set down a recognizable slice of family life, frequently its most nerve-jarring aspects, and make it hilarious. His creation, Dennis Mitchell, known as "the Menace," is a monster, a terrifying apparition; in short, a lovable, elfin four-year-old with shaggy blond hair who affects people in a way poignantly illustrated in a recent cartoon: Cringing at the front door, an affrighted neighbor was calling to his wife, "Lock the back door, Martha, the Mitchell kid's on his way over here," unaware of the fact that behind him, in angelic silence, stood Dennis. Everybody knows a Dennis; most parents have one around the house.

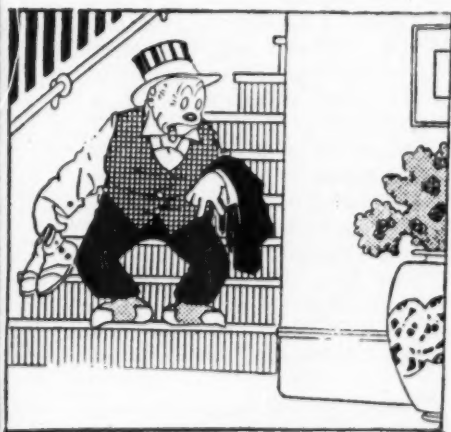
This, with the strong suggestion conveyed by the cartoon that the fellow who draws it is no mere theoretician, probably explains Ketcham's meteoric career. It was only in March 1951 that *Dennis the Menace* first appeared as a panel—a single drawing—in fifteen papers. When a Sunday strip was added less than a year later, more than

160 picked it up. Now Rosemary Clooney has recorded a song about Dennis; a collection of *Dennises*, published as a book last September, has sold over 150,000 copies; assorted merchandise bearing his name is on the market; an animated cartoon is in production; a comic book will hit the stands next month; a half-hour television show is planned; conservative Washington, D.C., citizens recently delivered up their darkest family secrets to the daily *Post* in a contest aimed at finding the local child most like Dennis.

Moreover, as *Daniel el Travieso*, the Sunday strip is now syndicated in Spanish in thirteen papers from the Río Grande to Venezuela, including *La Tribuna* of Torreón, Mexico; *El Caribe* of Ciudad Trujillo; and *El Heraldo* of Caracas. The name, unfortunately, lacks the punch of the English title, but Dennis, or Daniel, himself is a character fairly universal in existence and appeal—give or take something for the effects of U.S. progressive education. This cannot be said for all his colleagues in the comic-strip world. While *Terry and the Pirates* and similar adventure strips have been translated into Spanish, the reader is uneasily aware that they are translations, and that, however little they resemble real life anywhere, they do fit into a mythology that is strictly United States. And no one outside Bedlam can imagine making the humor of *Pogo* comprehensible in another language.

Ketcham does indeed speak from bloodcurdling ex-

(Continued on page 46)



Jiggs of Bringing Up Father, an Irishman dating from era of immigration waves, tries to sneak out to saloon without being caught by shrewish wife Maggie. He fails



Toonerville's famous trolley and its resourceful skipper have been meeting all the trains for nearly forty years



Katzenjammer Kids, the neighborhood terrors, finish every adventure like this. Competing strip also stars them

Mutt and Jeff, oldest daily strip, features slapstick. In return for having been blown out of bed by firecracker, Mutt later plasters Jeff with tar



PUERTO RICANS JOIN HANDS

Returning to the island
after a four-year absence,
a social-work professor
finds many changes

Caroline F. Ware

"I USED TO THINK of the *jibaro* as Puerto Rico's problem. But I have learned from experience that he is Puerto Rico's mainstay." This tribute to the rural people by a government official expresses the spirit in which efforts to raise living standards are going forward on the island.

"You will find many changes," my friends in San Juan told me when I returned recently after a four-year absence. "The old fatalism is gone and there is a new spirit among the people. You must visit the Department of Education's Community Education Program and see for yourself."

At the first opportunity, I attended one of its film showings in the rural community of Beltrán. Recorded music blaring out over the countryside told us we had reached the right place, and as we drew up we found a loudspeaker and screen set up on the side of a new community-center building. Darkness had not yet fallen, and the neighbors were only beginning to come down the paths from their houses. A truck with an auxiliary motor stood by to provide power and light.

As soon as the music stopped, the group organizer—one of forty recruited from rural communities to carry out the work of the Community Education Program—invited the people to make their own entertainment: "Good evening, neighbors of Beltrán. You know me well. I am here again with a program from our Community Education office, and this microphone is yours for the evening. Who wants it now to sing or play for us or to say a few words? Ah, here is Yolanda, ready to sing as she did the last time I was here."

A girl of eight or ten stepped eagerly to the microphone. Her voice was reedy and childish, but quite true, and she sang a familiar love song with vigor. When



Group organizer sets up equipment to show rural audience a movie put out by Community Education Program

it ended, the crowd was considerably larger and a number of children were ready to take their turns. First-graders shouted songs they had just learned in school, a young man who was clearly a favorite and a teen-age girl with a beautiful rich voice also sang, and several girls recited poems. At last the organizer announced that the villagers could go on with the singing after the movie.

The main film, *A Little Plot of Land*, was the sixth in the Community Education series. It followed a brief performance by the Spanish guitarist Sainz de la Mazas, who played music of the fifteenth to twentieth centuries. Each piece was preceded by an explanation of the music, of the age in which it was composed, and of what was happening then in Puerto Rico. At the close the organizer remarked: "The fortunate people of San Juan have often heard and seen this distinguished guitarist. Now the fortunate people of Beltrán have heard and seen him also."

The main movie, filmed on the demonstration farm of a local rural school, told of a *jibaro* who had learned to plant vegetables on his "little plot of land." Pedro, who played the leading role, had been discovered during the making of an earlier documentary. It was hard to tell how much of the message was sinking in, but the audience seemed absorbed in watching Pedro arrive at the conclusion that his land could help him to spend less at the grocery store. They watched him seek advice from the agriculture teacher at the nearby school. They saw his whole family struggle to clear the land and to conquer weeds and pests. They saw the satisfaction of a full pot on the stove and a full jar of coins to use for other purposes.

Then the group organizer invited comments. A sturdy young man, chairman of the community council and a



Besides entertainment, film gives villagers lesson in how to gain better life through their own efforts

former president of the local cooperative, came to the microphone. Earlier he had handed out copies of a new bulletin published by the Department of Agriculture. He had told us proudly how they had built their community center with volunteer labor and that they would soon have a rural library—the second in all Puerto Rico.

"Let us hope," he said, "that we will all take this lesson home and consider among ourselves how we can grow more vegetables in Beltrán." One of his neighbors took the microphone from his hand, saying, "I want to tell what I am growing on my plot," and launched into a long list of vegetables. When he was through, the group started to drift homeward, and the organizer bade them all good night.

The forty group organizers, who carry out the Community Education Program, are drawn from all walks of life—farmers, peddlers, fishermen, teachers, ministers, merchants, government workers. Selected on the basis of their civic participation, belief in the people, and capacity for development, they undergo a training period in San Juan, discussing the principles of self-help and learning about the resources offered by various government agencies and programs. The task of each is to bring educational films and pamphlets to every one of the twenty *barrios* (rural neighborhoods) in his district. The pamphlets must reach every home; the films must be presented in such a way that all may see them. When a community reaches the point of wanting to undertake a project, the organizer is there to help the people think and plan for themselves and use whatever resources may be available. So that this help may be substantial, he limits himself to three communities at a time. Though he is concerned with material benefits, he considers them less important than the vital democratic process by which



Encouraged and advised by group organizer, village puts up its own station to distribute milk to children

neighbors come together to solve their problems.

While a neighbor rewound the film and helped pack the equipment, the Beltrán organizer told us that this was not one of the communities where he was working intensively; he came over only about once every three months. "I wish you could visit the next *barrio*, where I live. We are a community of fishermen, but our harbor is so shallow that our boats are often damaged. We have appealed to the Legislature to have it deepened, and helped the engineers with the preliminary survey. Now we have offered our labor and are waiting for the dredging equipment. We are building a community center and forming a fishermen's cooperative. We figure that that way we can keep some of the money other people make from selling our fish."

I learned more at a training seminar for three new Community Education supervisors, all of whom had served as group organizers. In discussing how to deal with workers who do not perform adequately or who complain, they decided: "We must get to know each worker so well that we can tell whether his complaints mean that he is really not suited to the work or that he just needs reassurance and praise."

Their answers to the questions put by the director of the seminar drove home the point my San Juan friends had made about the new attitude. Was it the supervisor's job to solve the worker's problems? No, everyone must think for himself. The supervisor must help him think clearly. Moreover, no one person could know all the answers. Was it only the worker who gained from the supervisory conference? No, when two people communicate, something happens to both. Who solved the supervisor's problems? It was not a matter of authority flowing down from a superior to an inferior, but rather a

process of interchange. Every worker, high or low, must understand—and this was a fundamental principle of the program—that he might have some experience or observation to contribute that was as valuable as anything his superiors could bring to him.

To see what another agency was doing in this field, I accompanied the director of the Department of Agriculture's Social Programs Administration, Luis Rivera Santos, on a field trip. Our first stop was a housing project in one of the communities where landless farm laborers had received small plots—*parcelas*—under the broad land-reform program. A sugar-cane cutter, one of fifteen neighbors who had formed a cooperative to build each other's homes, showed us about. He explained: "They are working on someone else's house today; tomorrow they will pour the concrete for my floor. My day to work is Tuesday, but sometimes I help on other days if I am not busy." Each cooperative group consists of five teams of three, the number that has proved most

efficient for time-consuming jobs like the making of concrete blocks. "We have made all the blocks, and the concrete slabs for all the roofs," our host said, and pointed them out, neatly piled, in the yard next door. He told us how many blocks were needed for each house, how many slabs for the roof, and how they would be placed. All fifteen foundations had been laid, and reinforcing bars had been set in the posts at the four corners—a precaution against hurricanes. Before work on the walls was begun, concrete would be poured for every floor. It would take some eight months in all to finish the houses. Then would come a day of celebration for the whole community.

This project was typical of the program that enables a farm worker to secure for three hundred dollars a well-built concrete house that would ordinarily cost from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. Each owner makes a thirty-dollar down payment, receives a loan of \$270, and pledges his labor for one day a week in addition to whatever is required on Saturday and Sunday. A Department of Agriculture representative helps the group organize and thrash out all aspects of the project at a number of evening meetings. He provides plans and technical instructions. From time to time he stops by to answer questions and see how things are going. Except for this consultative service, and technical supervision at certain stages of construction, the neighbors work on their own.

"But we have to find some way to extend the plan faster," commented Mr. Rivera. "As soon as one group gets well along another wants to form, and then another. And our staff and funds are limited." I suggested that it might be possible to teach the first group enough to guide later groups. "That's the next step," he agreed. Most important, he continued, was the spirit the program generated. "A housing project often leads to some other community effort. You'll see, in Sabana Seca."

The *parcelas* of Sabana Seca are occupied by about three thousand people, enough to need police service, and many more rural families live nearby. Since the police of the municipality are too far away, the people had asked to have some stationed in the village. Learning that the department was willing to provide men if they would provide a station, the citizens set out to raise money for building materials. With the help of the Social Programs staff they formed teams to do the work and sought technical advice. Now the walls were up; next Sunday they would start on the roof. A neighbor told us, his face beaming, that the station would have an office and sleeping quarters for three men, but that, working only on Sundays, the villagers would need several months to finish it.

Another community was at work on its water supply. The people had persuaded the owner of the local sugar mill to give them a big unused tank they found there, and had gone to Mr. Rivera's office for help in setting it up. They were putting it on top of a hill so that all the houses and farms could have water. We found eight or ten men hacking away with pickaxes at the hard ground

(Continued on page 41)



Going the rounds in his area, organizer distributes pamphlets and helps villagers work out their problems



on the Brazilian screen

Florentino Barbosa e Silva



Producer Alberto Cavalcanti chose real-life rag-picker to play role of witch in Brazilian film *Caçara*

IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS movie fans in Rio and São Paulo have been queuing up to see a new film entitled *O Cangaceiro* (The Outlaw). Likely as not, they stop on the way home to buy a recording of its catchy tunes—*Saudade* (Nostalgia) and *Mulher Rendeira* (The Lacemaker). Now most of the movies shown in Brazil are imports, but *O Cangaceiro* is one of the 10 per cent produced at home, and shortly after releasing it, Vera Cruz Studios realized it had a hit on its hands. Directed by one of the country's top movie technicians, Lima Barreto, with the help of folklore specialists, the picture is a local-color story of the people in northeastern Brazil. Abroad, it was exhibited this spring at the International Film Festival in Cannes, where it won first prize in the category of adventure pictures.

O Cangaceiro is something of a milestone for Brazil's infant movie industry, for the public is so conditioned to foreign films that it is often cool toward the home products. Almost three fourths of all the movies shown there, for example, come from the United States. England, France, and Italy together furnish about 8 per cent, Mexico and Argentina some 4 per cent. To give their pictures more audience appeal, Brazilian producers often turn to flimsy carnival films, pressing popular radio singers into service, and they generally turn out to be notoriously bad actors. Thus the quality of the picture seems to vary in indirect ratio to its popularity.

What makes the competition even tougher is the fact that by the time a foreign film reaches Brazil, it has generally paid its way at home and any extra box-office

receipts that can be picked up abroad are sheer profit. Another thorn in the side of aspiring movie-makers is the distributing trust, which is a powerful monopoly. The companies have no other choice than to submit to its demands for exorbitant commission fees, without any guarantee of service. In fact, there is no attempt even to give the producers an accounting of the films' itineraries.

But somehow the industry manages to survive, and according to a recent producers' report to the President, forty-three features were filmed last year, an all-time high. The 1952 box-office take was more than a hundred million cruzeiros (about two million dollars at current free exchange rates), of which producers got roughly forty million. A single film grossed five and a half million cruzeiros in Rio and São Paulo alone, which means that it was seen by 773,000 people. The most popular movies were dramas, followed by comedies and musicals.

Of the sixteen motion picture companies now operating in Brazil—the big three are Vera Cruz, Kino Filmes, and Atlântida—thirteen are located in Rio de Janeiro and three in São Paulo. According to 1950 figures, the capital for six studios totaled the insignificant sum of sixteen and a half million cruzeiros (about U.S. \$330,000).

Brazilian movie-making harks back to the tag end of the last century. In 1895 the pioneering Frenchman Louis Lumière held the first public moving-picture showing with his patented "apparatus to take chronophotographs." Two years later the Brazilian Oswaldo Coutinho de Faria showed a movie in Paris entitled *O Canto de Carlos V* (The Song of Charles V), using a kinetophone, the fore-

runner of vitaphone. The following year marked the launching of one of the earliest U.S. films, of about two minutes' duration and entitled *The Kiss*.

Paulo Benedetti, an Italian who had settled in Brazil, is generally credited with the first movie made within the country, and by 1910 he had produced *Um Transformista Original* (An Original Impersonator), using a primitive and complicated sound system. The Brazilian picture *Os Estranguladores* (The Stranglers), completed in 1908, was the first feature film in the world with an all-male cast. Nine years later Alberto Botelho filmed *Guaraní*, using a mobile camera for the first time in Brazil.

A Brazilian pioneer movie producer, Carmen Santos, who died recently, turned out two good films in 1924, but the most noteworthy pictures of the silent era were *Barro Humano* (Human Clay) and *Limite* (Boundary). Unfortunately, the first was not preserved, but the second, produced by Mario Peixoto with Brutus Pereira under the influence of the French avant-garde, is in the files of New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The advent of talking pictures was not much of a stimulus to the Brazilian movie industry, since the public still passed up local films in favor of the foreign variety. In a bid for business, the producers tried to cater to the masses by presenting cheap, sensational movies. The most notable titles of this period were *Favela de Meus Amores* (Favela, Hill of My Heart), produced by Carmen Santos and Humberto Mauro; *Bonequinha de Seda* (Silk Doll), by Oduvaldo Viana; *O Grito da Mocidade* (The Clamor of Youth) and *Ave sem Ninho* (Nestless Bird), both by Raul Roulien.

Not until 1949 did the Brazilian motion picture really come into its own. That was the year Alberto Cavalcanti returned from England after twenty-six years' absence. He had originally gone to Paris as an architect, but in 1925 he met the movie-makers L'Herbier and Delluc, who induced him to exchange his own profession for theirs. His first successful film was *Le Train Sans Yeux* (The Train Without Eyes, 1925), which was followed by the famous *Rien que les Heures* (Nothing but the Hours, 1926), *La Petite Lilie* (Little Lillie, 1927), *En Rade* (At Anchor, 1928), and *Dans une Ile Perdue* (On a Lost Island, 1932), based on Joseph Conrad's *Victory*. Then Cavalcanti went to England where, with John Grierson, Basil Wright, and Robert Flaherty, he started the so-called British realistic trend in motion pictures. Cavalcanti also helped launch the British documentary. Some of the best films he made in England were *Pett and Pott* (1934), *Night Mail* (1936), and a splendid documentary on coal mining, *Coalface* (1936).

Cavalcanti's reason for going back to Brazil was to give a series of lectures at the São Paulo Museum of Art. While there he helped organize the Vera Cruz motion-picture company, but owing to misunderstandings with the owners, the connection did not last long. He was thinking of returning to England when he was persuaded by his countrymen, through the press, letters, and lecture audiences, to stay on and lend his talents to creating a top-flight movie industry. England's loss was Brazil's



Scene from new picture *O Cangaceiro* (The Outlaw), produced by Brazil's biggest movie company, Vera Cruz Studios

gain, and Charles Chaplin chided the British for letting him slip through their fingers.

In 1951 Cavalcanti directed *Simão o Caolho* (One-eyed Simon) for the Maristela Company and, at the request of President Getúlio Vargas, prepared a report on the Brazilian motion-picture industry. At the moment he is in the Northeast, as director, shareholder, and producer of Kino Filmes, filming *O Canto do Mar* (The Song of the Sea), which stresses the local landscape and folklore.



Photographed by Ferenc Fekete, Cavalcanti's *Simão o Caolho* (One-eyed Simon) was one of Brazil's best films of 1952

Perhaps the Brazilian company that has had the most phenomenal growth is Vera Cruz, which started with a capital of seven and a half million cruzeiros (about \$150,000 U.S.). A year later, by the time its first picture, *Caiçara*, was released, its assets had jumped to twenty-five million cruzeiros and it now has the largest capital investment in the industry.

Caiçara was produced by Cavalcanti before he left Vera Cruz, but it was a mediocre film. Under his guidance, Lima Barreto directed for Vera Cruz a daring documentary on Cândido Portinari's mural *Tiradentes*. Porti-



Comely Mariza Prado was named Brazil's best actress for 1951

nari's largest work to date, the mural was solicited by the Cataguazes high school in the state of Minas Gerais for a new school building designed by architect Oscar Niemeyer. A mammoth composition, measuring approximately ten by fifty-five feet, it portrays in tempera on canvas the episodes and chief figures of a local movement for Brazilian independence during the eighteenth century.

After Cavalcanti left, Lima Barreto made a second



Authentic weapons and costumes of bandit Lampião's gang were used in *O Cangaceiro*

documentary for Vera Cruz on the work of the famed Brazilian sculptor Antônio Francisco Lisboa, better known as *O Aleijadinho* (The Little Cripple). Next came his successful *O Cangaceiro*.

In Brazil as in other countries, cinema clubs have helped to improve the quality of the eighth art. All of them started more or less the same way. At first a few friends would gather to discuss the best pictures they had seen, their producers, their cast. As the movie fans' interest grew, sporadic evening sessions turned into regu-



Eliane Lage played leading role in *Caçara*, directed by Adolfo Celli and produced by Cavalcanti for Vera Cruz

lar meetings to exchange ideas, show films, hear lectures, and even make short experimental pictures. Some of the oldest clubs in Brazil are the Carlitos Club (Carlitos is the Portuguese nickname for Chaplin) and the Cinematographic Studies Club in Rio and the Cinema Club, the Cinematographic Studies Center, and the *Bandeirante* Photo-Movie Club in São Paulo.

Together with São Paulo's Museum of Art, the Cinematographic Studies Center set up a motion-picture school in 1949. Later, the Center split from the Museum, but both still offer courses, and several of the students now work as professionals for producing firms.

São Paulo's Museum of Art was responsible for the First Brazilian Congress of Cinema Clubs, which resulted in a federation of the various groups. The museum also introduced a new wrinkle in motion-picture publicity by holding a contest in 1951, in cooperation with Lotus Filmes, for a poster to publicize the movie firm's newest release.

Amateur movie-making is no novelty for Brazilians. The *Bandeirante* Club spearheaded the attempt to organize amateur photographers in Brazil, then progressed to the movies, adding the word *Cine* (movie) to its original name in 1949. It has held three national competitions and participated in two international festivals. The club's headquarters is a big, expensive house in São Paulo, maintained entirely by members' contributions.

Many Brazilian documentaries are exhibited commercially. *Os Tiranos*, made by the Art Museum's movie



Detail of mural by Cândido Portinari on Brazilian independence leader "Tiradentes," shown in documentary film *Painel*

students, deserves special mention. First they made a careful study of a painting, *The Tyrants*, by Antoine Caron, a Frenchman of the sixteenth-century Fontainebleau school. From that study came a black-and-white movie of the history of three despots, with details from the painting presented against a background of medieval music. This was not, of course, a novel idea; not only had Lima Barreto used the same method to produce *Painel*, but Gaston Diehl had made *Van Gogh* this way, Luciano Emmer *Racconto da un Affresco* (Story of a Mural); and others throughout the world had employed this device. Nevertheless Marcus Mergulhi, the director, and his co-workers made a valuable contribution to the motion-picture art. Mergulhi, a Frenchman now living in Brazil, was spurred by success to make another short, this one on the discovery of the country, making use of the very scattered documentation available in drawings, engravings, and paintings.

Up to a short time ago scientific movies were rare in Brazil. A few educational films for secondary and pre-



Cavalcanti (right) confers with scene designer Ricardo Sievers on preparations for filming *Canto do Mar* (*Song of the Sea*)



Alberto Cavalcanti won fame as movie director in France and England long before returning to Brazil to enliven his country's film industry



Mario Peixoto produced *Limite* (*Boundary*), one of the best Brazilian silent pictures, with Brutus Pereira

university students were of a scientific nature, such as those on stomach surgery, plant-cell growth, plastic surgery, and syphilis, but on the whole they were largely improvised, made by amateurs, and lacking in real artistic merit.

Then a São Paulo drug-manufacturing firm gave scientific movies a boost by organizing the Brazilian Medical-Surgical Film Library. This collection included an extraordinary documentary—which won an international prize—on lung extraction in cancer cases, the work of a university scientist, Professor Edmundo de Vasconcellos, and a renowned movie technician, Benedito J. Duarte. The same director has also made about thirty other films for the drug concern. One of his latest productions uses an interesting animated-cartoon technique to explain electrocardiography. For this picture the scientific adviser was Professor Luis Décourt of São Paulo University.

The Brazilian government has shown deep interest in the movie industry. Legislation has been passed to facilitate motion-picture production by providing long-term, low-interest loans to the studios and by exempting them from taxes or customs duties. Furthermore, exhibitors are required by law to show one Brazilian film for every eight foreign features. At present a bill is pending in the Chamber of Deputies to coordinate the various measures aimed at protecting and stimulating the national movie industry.

Last August producers met in Rio at the First Brazilian Motion Picture Congress to set down their basic claims. The result was an office established in connection with the board of censorship to represent the producers' associations and see that protective laws are complied with.

As an added incentive to the movie world, highly coveted awards are offered each year. One comes from the Rio Association of Movie Critics. Another, the Brazilian "Oscar," is called Sací, a bronze statuette of a one-legged, pipe-smoking imp of Brazilian legend contributed by the São Paulo daily *O Estado de São Paulo*. The first Sací ever granted went in 1951 to a Cavalcanti-produced Vera Cruz movie, *Terra é sempre terra* (*Land is Always Land*), directed by Tom Payne, an Englishman brought to Brazil by the producer.

Ultimately, both national and foreign producers must face one bald fact about Brazilian audiences: they are relatively apathetic toward movies in general. That they are not assiduous fans is clearly evident from the following table on movie attendance:

	Average weekly attendance in millions	Percentage of population
U.S.A.	97.0	65
England	26.0	53
Sweden	3.6	53
France	6.0	15
Argentina	2.0	13
Brazil	3.4	7

To Brazilian movie moguls, this, of course, is the biggest challenge of all. ♦ ♦ ♦



VENEZUELA IN CLAY

**María Luisa Zuloaga de Tovar's pottery
portrays her country's folkways**



Rafael Pineda

THE ANCESTORS of the Venezuelan potter María Luisa Zuloaga de Tovar—gentlemen of lordly bearing and women with quizzical, jet-black eyes, as the painter Martín Tovar y Tovar liked to portray them—used to cast side-long glances at themselves in a full-length oval mirror as they left to attend a salon during the last half of the nineteenth century. Today María Luisa studies herself in that same mirror, but with an artist's eye. For she is her own model for the earthenware figures depicting Venezuelan folk types that she turns out.

In María Luisa's girlhood she too used to admire her own elegance in the oval mirror, which at that time had an elaborate gilded frame and lights on either side. It hung in the parlor of the aristocratic country home of her father, Nicomedes Zuloaga, where she and her brothers used to spend holidays and school vacations. The

hacienda was located a few miles by streetcar and horseback from a Caracas that was just beginning to shake off its provincial drowsiness.

Years later, married by then to a descendant of the artist who made the portraits of her forebears, María Luisa acquired title to her father's property, and she and her husband settled there, not far removed from the frenzied development that suddenly invaded the luxuriant environs of the capital. When the old furniture was replaced, the garret was not large enough to hold all the remnants of bygone splendor and the oval mirror was stored in the stable.

Finding herself with time on her hands after her two children grew up, María Luisa renewed one of the main interests of her life and enrolled for morning classes in modeling and ceramics at the School of Plastic and Ap-



Distinguished people from many countries have autographed María Luisa's collection of plates

plied Arts. Her devotion to art was first inspired in her childhood by the painter Angel Cabré, who gave lessons to her and her sister in the studio they shared in the family's town house. It was later encouraged by her sister, who had gone to Paris to continue her studies, while María Luisa embarked on matrimonial seas.

As the courses progressed, María Luisa needed a place to try out her ideas at home. So she had the stable cleaned out and installed her workshop there, behind a rear patio where the only noise came from a pair of pet macaws chattering gaily in the shade of a mango tree.

One day when she was finding it difficult to reproduce in clay the stylized movements of a woman gathering coffee beans, María Luisa sat down to think over a visit she had once made to a plantation at harvest time. Suddenly she turned in her chair, and the oval mirror, which lay unframed in a corner, flashed back her worried look. This gave her an idea, and she got up and tried different poses in front of it. Then she had it hung where it would reflect all her gestures as she worked and make it easier to correct the positions of her little clay figures.

María Luisa has never received money for any of her ceramics except the mosaic murals, based on sketches by the excellent painter and sculptor Francisco Narváez, that she did for the Anatomy Institute at the University City in Caracas. She makes her clay figures simply for the tremendous satisfaction it gives her.

Actually, creating ceramics is the costliest art in Venezuela. Elsewhere, most students learn the techniques and gain experience in factories, but here they must begin by setting up their own shops, just like María Luisa and the city's other highly experienced professional potter, Adela Rico, wife of the painter Héctor Poleo. The two women now have some prospective rivals, for eleven students of the School of Plastic and Applied Arts, among whom María Segunda Martínez and José R. Paredes are outstanding, have already exhibited their work in the Museum of Fine Arts. But in 1940 the field was so clear—Adela Rico was still a student—that when María Luisa was awarded the Applied Arts Prize for a collection of

figurines she displayed at the Museum, she laughingly asked one of the judges: "And if you hadn't given the prize to me, to whom could you have given it?"

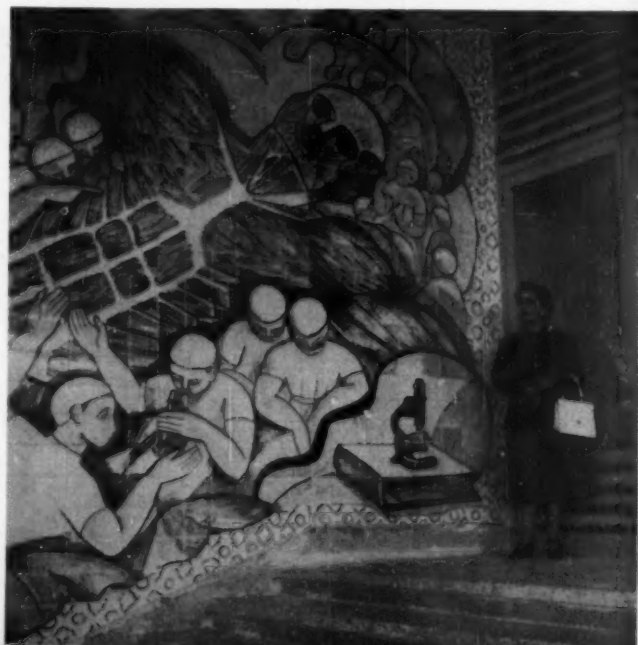
This dearth of professionals in the field partly explains the absolute solitude in which María Luisa works. She has become so accustomed to being alone in her studio that, by her own admission, she couldn't do anything if anyone were watching. In a way, this isolation has been an advantage; because she had to do everything for herself she progressed more rapidly and became more ver-



Self-portrait by Martín Tovar y Tovar, who painted María Luisa's aristocratic forebears

satile. In larger establishments the artists specialize in a particular object or a certain type of decoration, whereas she does everything from kneading the clay to applying the glazes.

The quality may suffer, observes María Luisa, but the artist's talents aren't throttled by specialization. Like Beatrice Wood of the United States, María Luisa considers herself an amateur. Once, after she had finished an art course in New York under Professor Archipenko, who belongs to the generation of Picasso, the professor told her that she was tremendously gifted. "I'm not at an age



The artist in front of her mosaic mural, based on sketches by Francisco Narváez, in Anatomy Institute, University City, Caracas

to be gifted," replied Mrs. Tovar, "but to achieve results."

María Luisa works eight hours a day in her shop. She generally uses clay from Barquisimeto, in western Venezuela, because of its malleability, its stability under high temperatures, and the texture of the finished pieces.

"The final product," says María Luisa, "never comes up to what I hoped for. One always imagines an article as a *fait accompli*, but in reality it has to be made step by step." She begins by grinding the clay, which arrives in a rough state, then wets it down, puts it through a sieve, and lets it stand for a while. Next it is modeled or poured into molds, then fired, glazed, and re-fired. Some pieces require up to seven firings, depending on the color scheme the artist has chosen. María Luisa prefers brilliant hues, perhaps partly as a result of her constant contemplation of the varied and vivid feathers of the macaws in the patio. She mixes her own glazes, even though they may be inferior to the commercial varieties, because then she can get the exact tones she is after. A firing normally takes at least ten hours; the process can be speeded up, but only at the expense of shortening the life of the kiln.



The oval mirror that once reflected the Zuloaga family's elegance now helps María Luisa serve as her own model

Perhaps the reason María Luisa considers herself an amateur is that even after so much firsthand experience in her workshop, she still feels and acts like a student. Despite her fifty years (she never subtracts a month from her age—not, she says, because she wouldn't like to fool herself, but because she can't), she is always anxious to learn more. That is why she is leaving this spring for a year's stay in Portugal and Italy, to revisit the pottery shops of those countries.

A few years ago a Byzantine figure of Christ she saw in an Italian museum left a deep impression on her because of the metallic glazes. Back in her shop, she drew her own image of Christ and surrounded it with figures representing the masked, red-clad "devils" who dance every year on June 24 in front of the church of San Francisco de Yare, a little town in the state of Miranda. Next she coated the whole drawing with the type of glazes

she had seen in Italy. She repeated this theme on a giant jewel box and applied the same Byzantine colorings. Finally, she made a cross and wore it on a chain to a dinner given by General López Contreras, then President of Venezuela, for the British ambassador.

"Where did you get that piece of antique jewelry and what are those rare motifs?" asked the ambassador, who sat next to María Luisa at table. "That antique, Mr. Ambassador, is three days old," she laughed, "and the motifs are all Venezuelan."

María Luisa is chiefly interested in playing up whatever is typically Venezuelan, and she uses any new technique she comes across for this purpose. The best example of her delight in portraying Venezuelan folkways is the crèche she sets up every year in the colonial parlor of her home. Nearly three hundred pieces, accumulated over a long period of time, depict the birth of Christ in a completely Venezuelan setting.

To add perspective to the scene, the figures in the background are smaller than those in front. The Infant Jesus lies in a cradle full of tropical flowers and fruits. The Virgin Mary and Joseph, like the shepherds that surround them, wear typical rural clothing. Hovering over the roof of the manger are little black angels, the most knavish figures in the group, eating bananas and mangoes and celebrating the glad tidings.

From the rear, amid the landscapes of their native region, come the dancers and singers representing a cross section of the country's folklore, including *El Carite*, a dance of the Margarita Island fishermen; *El Pájaro Guarandol*, a pantomime of eastern Venezuela in which a hunter, surrounded by a chorus, pursues a bird that has pecked the flowers in his garden; *La Burriquita*, another pantomime, in which a man disguises himself as an ass, putting on a picturesque skirt and performing for neighborhood groups. Other scenes are inspired by more common diversions like cockfights and *coledas* (a sport in which the object is to fell a bull by twisting his tail), and by popular types such as the water carrier, the flower vendor, the town official, the village priest, the godfather, the serenading suitor, the overpious woman, the drunkard, the greengrocer, and so on. The Three Kings, which Mrs. Tovar adds to the scene on January 6, are also of popular extraction. They are dressed like the costumed groups that distribute gifts to shouting, excited children at six o'clock on Epiphany afternoon in the outskirts of Caracas.

María Luisa's other masterpiece is the handsome set of tableware she has made for her home, including over ten dozen pieces. The plates, platters, and drinking vessels are all decorated with pictures of some familiar scene—the journey of the Three Kings, a carnival, the burning of Judas in effigy, the harvesting of sugar cane, candle-light celebrations before the Cruz de Mayo, the dance of the *Tambor Redondo* (round drum), All Souls' Day ceremonies—accompanied by couplets, proverbs, and sayings from the rich oral tradition of the people.

María Luisa is also proud of her collection of autographed plates, some of which were decorated by the

(Continued on page 39)



College seat of New Brunswick, New Jersey. Merchants donated automobiles for delegates, displayed Latin American flags, decorated their windows

PAN AMERICA

U.S.A.

Rutgers University plays host to an inter-American conference

"THERE is an unfortunate tendency in the United States to associate technical assistance with underdeveloped minds rather than underdeveloped areas abroad."

"The University of Mexico and the University of San Marcos in Peru ought to stop arguing about which is older and start arguing about which is better."

"Impartiality in news treatment is not the general approach of the Latin American press, which has a completely different concept of the functions of a newspaper from that held by the U.S. press."

"Too many U.S. ambassadors—and newspapermen, too, for that matter—don't know the language of the country to which they are assigned."

These unrehearsed remarks came from, respectively, a Latin American ambassador, a Latin American university president, an editorial writer on a leading U.S. newspaper,

and a teacher of Spanish in a U.S. school. The occasion was a general airing of opinions by people from various walks of life and many nations who gathered toward the end of April for two days of stimulating discussion on the tranquil Rutgers University campus in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Actually, this Second Conference on Inter-American Culture and Education was a student show, put on by the university's Hispanic Society for the benefit of local undergraduates and guests from neighboring campuses. A similar meeting a year ago (see "Accent on Youth," June 1952 AMERICAS) launched the Rutgers-led student movement to revive interest in countries below the border.

The motley array of 450 visitors included four ambassadors, six specialists in Latin American affairs from the Pan American Union, businessmen from firms with

branches in Latin America, representatives of a Venezuelan airline, journalists from north and south of the Rio Grande, and a host of teachers and students of Spanish. Two college presidents were also on hand, for Dr. Lewis Webster Jones of Rutgers was joined by the University of Mexico's new rector, the distinguished scientist Nabor Carrillo Flores (a Harvard graduate), who flew up from Mexico especially to participate.

Each visiting panel member was convoyed about the campus by an undergraduate from Rutgers or from the nearby New Jersey College for Women, and the students chattered unabashedly in Spanish not only to their foreign guests but among themselves. For the benefit of the uninitiated, most of the discussions were in English, but the panel on literature was conducted entirely in Spanish—easy to follow, according to one of the students, since “we had just been reading those novels in class.”

The opening panel, on the responsibilities of the press in developing an inter-American consciousness, got off to a flying start prompted by a pointed query from Mexican Ambassador to the OAS Luis Quintanilla as to why Latin America gets so little space in the U.S. press. “Most of the Latin American ambassadors in Washington,” he said, “must wait for their home papers to arrive, for the only U.S. coverage they get is in overseas dispatches from the wire services.” The press, in his opinion, has a responsibility to deal with something more significant than an item on, say, the birth of sextuplets in Brazil.

Milton Bracker, who recently spent four years in Latin America for the *New York Times*, pointed out that such an item would be news anywhere, no matter where it happened, that the day-to-day progress in any country is not the type of material that makes news. Another *Times* man, Herbert L. Matthews, while admitting the dearth of coverage, remarked that Latin American reaction to certain critical editorials he had written about

Neilson Campus at Rutgers. International Business Machines, Johnson & Johnson, Standard Oil Company, and Celanese Corporation of America helped underwrite this year's conference



Students from New Jersey College for Women, across town, join members of Rutgers Hispanic Society to lay conference plans. Richard De Santis (far right) is president of the Spanish club, which has a Mexican adviser, Professor José Vázquez Amaral

Latin America indicates that such coverage is not welcome—not because it is untrue but because Latin American readers consider it wrong to print it.

Also defending the fourth estate was Carlos Mantilla, who spoke from experience as editor of the leading daily in Quito, Ecuador. “How much space,” he asked the ambassador, “do the Mexican papers give the other Latin American countries?” Harry Murkland of *Newsweek* suggested that a possible solution would be to bolster the news coverage with enough background material to make it comprehensible to the average reader, who is blindly ignorant of most things Latin American, even the geography. Such news could be dealt with, he suggested, much as Hanson Baldwin handles military affairs.

The kickoff for the “Music in the Americas” panel came from ebullient Carleton Sprague Smith of the New York Public Library, who divided the music of the Hemisphere into the imported variety, indigenous types, and the hybrid kind. “Of course,” he remarked, “no music really becomes established until it has been published and played professionally—*post hoc*, shall we say.” The lapse into Latin set off a chain of verbal pyrotechnics from the other polished speakers on the panel, who rose to the challenge by peppering their exchange of views with quotations in any foreign tongue that came to mind. Only the skillful maneuvering of Dr. Mason Welch Gross, Provost of Rutgers, who has had considerable experience on television programs, kept the panel out of the filibuster category.

Guillermo Espinosa, who founded the Symphony Orchestra of Colombia and now works in the Pan American Union Music Division, opined that music is either good or bad, no matter what its origin. “We either like a musician or not, no matter where he hails from.”

Musicologist Nicolas Slonimsky, who specializes in “publishing a book a day,” according to the moderator's introduction, was there with his newest book, just off



At convocation, University of Mexico President Nabor Carrillo Flores says his name could well be mispronounced "neighbor." Seated, from left: University chaplain Bradford Abernethy; OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico; Rutgers President Lewis Webster Jones; Hispanic Society President Richard De Santis

the press. He felt that the best Latin American music is untainted by any imitation of European models. "Unfortunately educated composers in the Western Hemisphere," he said, "learn to use all the fossilized tricks of classical music and more often than not come up with mediocre results."

Julius Bloom, director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, disavowed any professional standing in the field, but asked to speak for music audiences. He astutely reminded his colleagues that, internationally speaking, it is popular music that has proved the most effective in making friends abroad.

The amusing and informative interplay went on for more than two hours, winding up when Mr. Slonimsky broke into song. He hummed a familiar tune and later confessed he had hoped the audience would identify

Music panel was a battle of wits, refereed by Rutgers provost, Dr. Mason Welch Gross (standing), who appears on weekly television show



Bizet as the composer; it was actually an *habanera* written by Sebastián Yradier, of *La Paloma* fame, and used by Bizet in *Carmen*. (Someone in the audience disappointed him by coming up with the correct answer.)

Additional panels, with other distinguished speakers, covered travel and transportation, planned recreation, natural resources, labor and manpower in Latin America, industry and commerce, and education in the United States and Latin America. At this last meeting, participants viewed the first showing of a color film on the University of Mexico's glamorous new campus.

Activities on a less academic plane were also planned for the Pan American weekend at Rutgers, which started on Wednesday with a premiere of the musical *Sombrero*. At this ceremony the mayor of New Brunswick nicknamed the town "Pan America, U.S.A." On Friday eve-



Visiting ambassadors from four nations include three accredited to the OAS: John Dreier of the United States; Rafael Heliodoro Valle of Honduras; Fernando Berckemeyer of Peru (envoy to U.S.A.); Luis Quintanilla of Mexico. All were principal speakers, either on the panels or at the luncheon and banquet

ning panel members attended a concert by pianist Artur Rubinstein—who, naturally, played Villa-Lobos—followed by a reception where they were entertained by Brazilian nightclub singer Delora Bueno. Even neighboring Camp Kilmer, the grouping area for Latin American troops returning from Korea, joined in the festivities by giving a reception for the guests on Saturday afternoon. The wind-up event was a television show that night on "What Has Become of the Good Neighbor Policy?"

At the close, everyone agreed that Rutgers' experiment was unique, stimulating, and entertaining. Most people were astonished at the smooth-running organizational machinery that insured the success of the undertaking. As for the students, they say any school can do it. They point to last year's performance, which was launched on enthusiasm, aspirations, and four dollars in cash (later supplemented by a contribution from International Business Machines). And they repeat what they said after the first conference: "Not bad, but wait till next year."—K.W.

◆◆◆

it's the talk in . . .

New York

New Yorkers were duly outraged recently when novelist Edna Ferber burst out, upon her arrival from Europe, with the remark that her home town was "disgustingly filthy" and that Central Park was unfit for a "self-respecting goat." Comparing the city to "a once exquisitely beautiful woman who has declined into a dirty, degraded, blowzy person," Miss Ferber ended up by admitting that she still loved it. A Sanitation Department spokesman called upon to defend Manhattan's honor announced that another city-wide clean-up campaign was being launched. . . .

People marveled at the feat of three Paraguayans and a young Colombian who recently arrived in Gotham after journeying 16,875 miles from Asunción in a Model T. Mr. and Mrs. Ramón Echauri and their friend Albino Pino del Valle made the trip in twenty-one months, driving through Argentina, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala, and Mexico. The young Colombian, Henry Ford Echauri, now one, was acquired en route. Greatest hardship of the trip was crossing the Andes, which took two weeks. The Model T withstood it all gallantly until it was hit by a big car in Atlanta, Georgia. But a generous Southern garage-owner not only repaired it free of charge but put up all four travelers for two days, to help make their dream of reaching New York come true. . . .

Papers were commenting on the colossal spring cleaning going on in the United Nations Secretariat Building. From roof to cellar, the huge structure was being shampooed, mopped, vacuumed, and window-washed. The cleaning force had to cope with 5,400 windows, 500,000 square feet of basement floors, and 250,000 square feet of carpeting. The costly rugs donated by different countries, such as the two cream-colored floor coverings from Ecuador that decorate the small delegates' lounge in the Assembly Building, require special care. So do the ornamental nickel doors at the public entrance to the Assembly Hall, a gift from Canada, which take one hundred gallons of metal polish a month. Landscaping plans are on a giant scale too. They call for two acres of green lawns, two hundred Japanese cherry trees (an anonymous gift), sixty-five thousand ivy and myrtle plants, a mile of paths, and a rose garden boasting two thousand varieties.

Asunción

Main topic of conversation and celebration in the Paraguayan capital was the recent victory of the home team at the South American Soccer Championship Contest in Lima. When the big news first hit Asunción, delirious soccer fans burst into the streets shouting "Paraguay, campeón invicto!" ("Paraguay, the invincible champion!"). Enthusiasm ran so high that some shop signs were torn down in the confusion. Later, when the team returned home, mobs went out to the airport to greet them and street celebrations started anew. . . .

As part of the cooperative program between the World Health Organization and the Paraguayan Ministry of Public Health, Dr. Miguel Nájera has recently arrived from Spain to take up a professorship at the School of Medicine. . . .

People were saddened by the death of the Brazilian Ambassador, General Brasiliano Americano Freire. Ambassador Freire had endeared himself to the Paraguayans especially because of his energetic work on plans for the new international highway, which will give Paraguay access to the sea through Brazilian territory. Surveying for the new road is already under way.

Mexico City

Mexicans are still talking about Holy Week celebrations, which were unusually spectacular this year. In the lovely colonial setting of Guanajuato, a provincial town northwest of Mexico City, tourists, especially from the United States, were enchanted by the short religious plays called *autos sacramentales*. In San Miguel de Allende there was a charming performance of the Last Supper, in which the resourceful Indian actors used Coca Cola as a substitute for wine. In Taxco touching processions re-enacted the tormenting of Christ before the crucifixion. And, in the Federal District proper, television audiences were deeply moved by the realistic representation of the Passion and Death of Christ performed in Ixtapalapa. . . .

Considerable interest has been stirred by the arrival of British historian Arnold Toynbee, who is lecturing at the University of Mexico and visiting the country's archeological sites. In his books Toynbee has classified Mexican indigenous cultures as among the most important in history. . . .

People are chuckling over a new work by Spanish poet León Felipe, based on an old story known as *Twelfth Night* by one William Shakespeare. The by-line on the new book reads: "León Felipe-Shakespeare." . . .

The new *Teatro de los Insurgentes*, colorfully decorated by Diego Rivera, has had an auspicious opening. Among the scheduled plays are local versions of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Death of a Salesman*, and the Cantinflas musical *Yo Colón* (I, Columbus). . . .

The bullfight season is over and also the careers of two famed stars—the Mexican Arruza and the Spaniard Dominguín, who have announced their retirement from the bullring. [The latter announced his decision in Bogotá—see AMERICAS, April.] Many people are asking whether bullfighting might not have entered the decadent stage. . . .

Nearly Lake Texcoco, where Cortés for the first time became acquainted with the Aztec symbols of the Eagle and the Serpent, is being refilled with amazing speed; it is said that this will eliminate excessive dust in the capital and change the climate again. The lake dried up because of faulty water management in the Valley of Mexico. Silt raised the lake bottom; meantime, as the city used up the water that kept its soil from compressing, it sank under its own weight. The improvement now stems from the Ministry of Hydraulic Resources' plan for the whole valley. . . .

The traditional competition between Tamayo, the painter of strictly Mexican colors, and Rivera, the artist of deep red political motifs, goes on. The Spanish edition of *Life* has reproduced many Tamayo works, and Rivera himself recently confessed that at the Vienna Peace Congress Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg expressed a liking for Tamayo's paintings. . . .

The well-known song *Zandunga* is one hundred years old and its birthday is being celebrated all over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. It has been declared the region's official hymn, and the celebrated Tehuanas are donning their costumes to dance and sing to the rhythm of *Zandunga*. . . .

Riding in his car the other day, President Ruíz Cortines was stopped for a traffic violation. When the policeman realized the occupant was the President of the Republic, he nervously apologized, but the President urged him to do his duty. He did, and was promoted. . . .

In a move to rid the Mexican speech of *yanquismos* the Governor of the Federal District has ordered a general revision of signs in public places. Even those catering to U.S. tourists will be required to put up signs in good dictionary Spanish; they can use an English translation underneath if they must, but no such atrocities as *loncheria* (quick lunch), *donas* (doughnuts), or *pay de manzana* (apple pie) will be tolerated from now on.—Luis Guillermo Piazza

On top of the continent

Gordon H. MacDougall

MENTION USPALLATA PASS to any Chilean and you evoke a memory of San Martín's heroic Army of the Andes, which crossed the mountain barrier from Argentina to defeat the Spaniards in the war of independence. Mention the Christ of the Andes to almost anyone anywhere and he will think of the famous peace monument standing at the highest point of that pass on the Chile-Argentina border.

This historic symbol of international friendship represents the solution to a perennial border dispute between the two countries, involving some eighty thousand square miles, which last flared up during the second half of the nineteenth century. At that time British diplomats on both sides of the frontier took steps to ease the situation. With the support of various women's organizations and the clergy of both countries—notably Chilean Bishop Ramón Angel Jara and Argentine Bishop Marcolino Benavente, who suggested the idea of the statue as a symbol of peace—they persuaded the two governments to submit the controversy to the King of England. The case for each side was then weighed and analyzed by eminent jurists and geographers who ultimately proposed a compromise acceptable to both countries.

Today the statue must compete with Chile's many other spectacular sights as a tourist attraction. Railroad pilgrimages may be made from either the Chilean or Argen-



The Christ of the Andes at Uspallata Pass symbolizes Chilean-Argentine peace

tine side to stations within a short distance of it. It is also possible to drive to the statue over the International Highway. In winter, the journey is more hazardous, but many skiers attempt it from the resort town of Portillo, while others may go by mule.

I boarded the trans-Andean train for Portillo late in April under a low overcast sky that showed signs of the first big break in the mild autumn weather. By the time the train reached the Andean foothills, I was beginning to worry about the weather. A steady rain was falling at Los Andes. At Río Blanco, still a good distance west of Portillo, there were already a few inches of snow on the ground. It was a foot high at my destination, with some five-foot drifts.

After I was installed at the Hotel Portillo, my first move was to locate a mule owner. I found one nearby feeding his charges in a spot swept clear by the wind. Typical of the men of the cordillera, he minced no words: there was no chance of making the climb the following day without a sudden thaw, a very unlikely prospect at nine thousand feet.

Next day, however, the sun broke out over the eastern peaks with dazzling brilliance, suggesting that the snow would melt appreciably before noon. But my mule-owner friend was still pessimistic about any change in the depth of the snow on the steep upper trails. By ten o'clock,

undeterred by his dark warnings, I had pressured him into letting me have the best mule in his herd—provided I left a deposit to cover possible loss.

Like country children who know there will be no school after a heavy blizzard, the Portillo mules are aware that snowstorms mean a vacation. Understandably, my animal started the journey reluctantly. Our route lay along railroad tracks, through tunnels, and up cattle paths. At the first tunnel, it appeared that our journey was over. Ordinarily mules circumnavigate the sheds and tunnels, but the high downslope drifts made the usual path impassable. It took much spurring and persuasion to wheedle mine into the cavernous semidarkness, but as soon as he saw the opening at the other end, he settled into that rhythmic pace for which his breed is famous. He did not vary it for the rest of the climb, except when he bogged down completely in the snow.

He was, in fact, an excellent mule. There is a saying among South American muleteers that accurately describes him: "I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but *la más racional*—the one that reasons best." Beyond the Portillo tunnel, I gave him a free rein and he followed the railroad tracks through a broad, snowy valley. At the far end the surrounding mountain peaks began to close in, and the rail line climbed steeply into Caracoles, the last settlement on the Chilean side of the border. There a railroad tunnel leads into Argentina, and directly over it, about two thousand feet higher, is the statue of Christ, not visible from the train.

As the sun rose higher, big blocks of trapped snow broke loose from time to time and crashed down into



Portillo ski slopes are world famous. Many skiers climb from Caracoles to statue, ski down all the way to Portillo

the valley with a roar that echoed along the upper levels, shattering the absolute silence of the cordillera. Pushed from behind by a glacial west wind, I began to worry about being trapped by a sudden blizzard. I recalled stories I had heard of the hardships of earlier travelers. It is not uncommon for a single storm to deposit as much as fifteen feet of snow, and the tiny shelters along the trail may be little more than roomy coffins unless you have adequate provisions for a long siege.

Until the late eighteenth century, there were no accommodations of any kind. Then the colonial governor, Ambrose O'Higgins, had a series of small shelters built above the snow line—every few hundred yards in the most dangerous sections. One of the originals still stands in the valley about halfway between Portillo and Caracoles, a substantial structure, but with room to accommodate only five or six people at most. On the left of the entrance a sign daubed in red labels it "Hotel Colón." In this humble place, Bernardo O'Higgins, the son of Ambrose and ultimately Chile's first chief executive, sought refuge from a storm during the wars of independence. Later, the men who carried the international mail over the mountains often had to wait out the weather there. Alpinists and cattle-drivers still use these shelters in an emergency, although roomier ones are now available along most of the route to Uspallata Pass.

Author MacDougall and the faithful mule on which he made the round trip between Portillo and statue in nine hours. Note double-girth saddle to avoid slippage





Triple cogs help trains of Trans-Andean Railroad up steep grades. Line was planned by Juan and Mateo Clark along ancient Inca route



"Hotel Colón" is typical shelter on route to Uspallata Pass. An O'Higgins slept here; mountain climbers and herdsmen use it now



At Caracoles, having passed through sixteen tunnels, the railroad reaches an altitude of over ten thousand feet. After starting at only a slight incline, the line climbs 8 per cent grades in the steeper sections. Where friction is not sufficient to maintain forward motion, triple cogs are used. Chile began work on the railroad in 1889, but not until 1910, with the cooperation of the Argentines, was the big tunnel across the border to Las Cuevas completed. Public service was then made available as far as Mendoza, with connections to any point in Argentina. The construction of the Trans-Andean Railroad was a remarkable engineering feat, and its day-to-day maintenance is still a source of amazement to passengers. Land- and snowslides occasionally rip away an entire section of the line despite the sheds and protective devices installed to break their force. In winter, Portillo may report a skiing base of twenty feet. When that happens, the rotary plows have to work overtime to keep the track open. Service is occasionally suspended for extended periods, and when it is resumed snow may be piled high above the tops of the coaches.

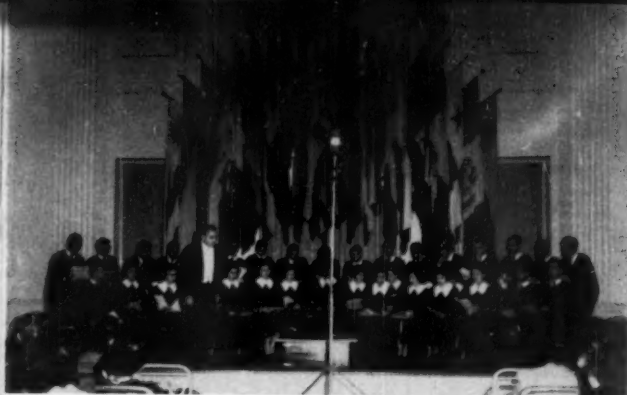
When I reached Caracoles, the statue lay almost half a mile above me. As the path zigzags up through fields of volcanic ash and boulders, it becomes almost vertical, narrowing to little more than a furrow in the sand with barely enough space for a foothold. The contours are visible through six inches of snow, but where it is deeper, the mules must rely on either memory or touch. While I had no idea which direction to take, my mount plodded on without a moment's hesitation. In spots, the trail connects with certain sections of the International Highway. The higher you go, the more conscious you become of the overpowering immensity of the Andes. For up there the highest peaks in the Americas stand out against the dark-blue sky as far as the eye can see. The truncated dome of Aconcagua, highest of them all, is easily visible from several nearby points.

The last quarter mile is along a gentle slope to a vantage point that affords a magnificent view of the statue against a backdrop of staggering peaks, including one capped by a glacier that slides rakishly off to one side. From here, the impression is not the one given by many geography books, of a small statue with its back to a drab field of gray sand, but of a monument of great dignity facing out over a sharp precipice dropping off to the little town of Las Cuevas in the valley below. The site reminded me of a polar settlement. Oil drums surround the combination refuge and weather station. There are a few instrument shelters in this treeless area and border markers on both sides. Beyond, the mountains present a patchwork of sharp, jagged rocks with fragments of snow clinging to the sheltered depressions and crevices.

The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet high, with the cross extending five feet above the head. At the foot, maps of Chile and Argentina are set in bronze on a granite hemisphere resting on a concrete base. A bronze tablet bears Bishop Angel's famous words at the unveiling ceremony: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble

(Continued on page 43)

Refuge and weather station is just inside Chilean border at top of Pass. In old days, runners received extra pay for undergoing hazards of carrying mail between the two countries



At a recent PAU concert, the mixed chorus of the University of Puerto Rico presented a program of contemporary sacred and popular music of the Western Hemisphere. Composed of forty-two singers ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-three, the group, organized in 1936, is directed by its founder, Augusto Rodríguez, professor of music at the university. Educated at Harvard and the New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. Rodríguez has been conductor of the Puerto Rican Symphony Orchestra and guest conductor of the Harvard and Yale Glee Clubs, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and the Tanglewood Chorus at the Berkshire Festival. The chorus has given nearly seven hundred concerts, made many important broadcasts, recorded for RCA Victor, and provided the musical background for three documentary films.



Pan American Day observers also heard the eminent Argentine violinist Ricardo Odnoposoff at a PAU recital. Winner in 1937 of the highest award for violinists—first prize in the Concours Internationale Eugène Ysaÿe in Brussels—he has been playing since he was five. Mr. Odnoposoff has made frequent tours of Europe and the Western Hemisphere, and has appeared with Toscanini, Furtwängler, Weingartner, Walter, and other famous conductors. In Venezuela, at the request of the Government, he has given master classes for music teachers in Caracas. His PAU recital included a wide range of selections by composers from Bach to Villa-Lobos. He is shown here with Mrs. Odnoposoff.

A collection of portraits of OAS Council members, together with the flags of the twenty-one American republics and a selection of PAU publications, made a colorful display recently in the window of a leading Washington photographer. This was one of many tributes paid to the OAS throughout the country on Pan American Day.



oas

FOTO FLASHES



As part of the celebration of Pan American Day (April 14), President Dwight D. Eisenhower visited the Pan American Union on the preceding Sunday to address the OAS Council and the world over an international radio hook-up. Before going on the air, the President had time for a lively chat with various members of the Council (from left): OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico; OAS Ambassador Luis Oscar Boettner of Paraguay, Vice Chairman of the OAS Council; OAS Council Chairman René Lépervanche Parparcén of Venezuela (second from right). At far right is Undersecretary of State Walter Bedell Smith, who attended in the absence of Secretary of State Dulles.

When the Nineteenth Conference of the Executive Committee of the Pan American Sanitary Organization took place at the Pan American Union recently, the Conference Chairman, Dr. Juan A. Montalván (right), Director of the National Institute of Health in Guayaquil, Ecuador, was warmly greeted by Dr. Fred L. Soper, Director of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau. Representatives of seven Hemisphere countries and observers from Europe attended the meeting, held to examine PASB public-health projects throughout the Americas.



EMBASSY ROW

Victor Andrade, Bolivian Ambassador to the United States—shown with his wife, their two children, and the family Dalmatian—is serving in that post for the second time. A lawyer and former Foreign Minister of his country, he first came to Washington in 1944 and remained two years. From 1946 to 1952 he was professor of international law at the New School for Social Research in New York, and for part of that time consultant to Nelson Rockefeller.

The Ambassador and his son, eleven-year-old Mario, in the garden that surrounds the embassy.



Like Dr. Andrade, an admirer of the romantic composers, twelve-year-old Lupe enjoys playing the piano. According to her brother, she is also a talented composer.



The embassy, in the Massachusetts Avenue diplomatic quarter, is built on French lines.



Mario, who likes golf, football, baseball, and working with tools, has lately taken up a new hobby: photography.

66 The hapless one 99

The tragedy of Doña Beatriz of Guatemala

Maca Barrett

IT WAS STILL RAINING, but at least the storm had abated. With the first light of day, people waded toward the Governor's Palace through the devastation and the rivers of mud that engulfed the town. The huge boulders spewed by the extinct volcano Hunahpu the night before had reduced everything to rubble.

Wretchedly, the people speculated about the cause of the catastrophe. Someone ventured that surely *she* must be responsible for it. They said her pride, her ambition, most of all her refusal to accept the loss of a beloved husband with Christian resignation, had caused God to loose His wrath on the city, erasing it from the face of the earth.

The murmur began to swell until it was like the roll of drums heralding an execution. A Jezebel, that's what she was. Let them cast her body to the dogs!

"May the Lord forgive you, for grief has clouded your faculties and you know not what you are saying," Francisco Marroquín, Bishop of Santiago de Guatemala, had arrived on the scene unobserved; there was foreboding in his voice as he addressed the crowd. "Are your own lives so blameless that you would pass judgment on a woman whose greatest sin was love?"

No one answered. Those who had been so vociferous only a moment ago stood silently now. You couldn't argue with the Bishop; he was the wisest man in town, and the kindest—everyone present had at one time or another received his physical or spiritual help. He knew their shortcomings well. There were no protests; only sullen expressions.

"Come," Bishop Marroquín exhorted them. "This is no time for foolish talk or recriminations; this is an hour of common tragedy. We must unite. We must look for the missing." He faced them defiantly. "We must find the body of your Governor—Doña Beatriz—and give it Christian burial."

This scene took place on Sunday, the eleventh of September, 1541, amid the ruins of the once-proud city of Santiago de Guatemala. The woman accused by the crowd and defended by the Bishop was Beatriz de la Cueva y

Manrique de Lara, widow of Pedro de Alvarado and the first woman governor in the Western Hemisphere. Her tenure of office was brief, only two days, but the events that accompanied it gave it lasting significance.

The sixteenth century was an era of enterprise and bold adventure for Spain. Nobles and commoners shared equally in both, the first as leaders, the second as the vast army of soldiers, clerics, artisans, farmers, scribes, and representatives of many other professions that made Spain an empire. At least one Spanish woman was to form a part, however small, of the stupendous epic of the Conquest.

The details of Beatriz' childhood are obscure; for instance, there seems to be no record of her birth date. But this is not surprising; the recording of births was not considered important in the sixteenth century.

Beatriz was the daughter of Don Pedro de la Cueva, Count of Bedmar and Admiral of Santo Domingo; her mother belonged to the illustrious house of Manrique de Lara. Two of her uncles were influential in shaping Spanish affairs: one was Francisco de los Cobos, private secretary to His Majesty the Emperor Charles V as well as Secretary General of the powerful Council of the Indies; the other was the Duke of Albuquerque, a man of considerable prestige in court circles.

Although no portraits of her have come down to us, all historians are agreed that Doña Beatriz was a great beauty, well proportioned, with alabaster-smooth skin and hair that was a blaze of gold. One can safely assume that she was younger than her sister Francisca, who became Pedro de Alvarado's first wife in 1527. This marriage was important to Pedro's career, uniting him as it did to one of Spain's most eminent families, which had close ties with the throne.

Don Pedro, one of Charles V's handsomest and most colorful conquistadors, achieved brilliant renown in the conquests of Mexico and Guatemala, but he was continually the focal point of intrigues. In 1527, there had been complaints about his treatment of Indians as well as of Spaniards. He came to Burgos for the express

purpose of justifying his actions before his superiors. Such was the charm of the man his own victims called "Tonatiuh," the Sun God, that he not only obtained full vindication but managed to win the lovely Francisca's hand. At this time Pedro de Alvarado received the titles of Don and Adelantado, and not long after, on December 18, 1527, he was appointed Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Guatemala by imperial decree. He and his bride sailed for his post in May of the following year, but shortly after reaching Veracruz, Francisca died of yellow fever.

Not until 1535 did Alvarado return to Spain. During the intervening eight years, he had performed deeds that further established him as a great warrior; but he had also embarked upon ill-fated enterprises, sometimes against the explicit orders of the crown. So once more his arrival was preceded by cabals intended to disgrace him; again he emerged the victor. When it was known that he wished to marry his sister-in-law, an unusual alliance in those days, the Emperor himself went so far as to intercede personally with the Pope to obtain a special dispensation so that the ceremony could be performed. This wedding took place in Valladolid, then the seat of the Spanish imperial court, and was still more elaborate than Alvarado's first.

Again he was appointed Governor and Captain-General of Guatemala, and when the Alvarados sailed from Sanlúcar de Barrameda in 1539, they were accompanied by an impressive retinue. A letter in Pedro's own hand sheds a provocative light on the expedition; he wrote it upon landing at Puerto Caballos on April 4, 1539, and addressed it to the Municipal Council of Guatemala. After stating that he had arrived with "three large ships, three hundred harquebusiers, and many more people," and after asking for the necessary supplies and men to continue the trip by land to his ultimate destination, he goes on to say:

I must advise you that I am married, and that Doña Beatriz is a very fine lady. She brings with her twenty maidens, very gentle women, all of excellent lineage, as they are the daughters of noblemen. I do believe this is the sort of merchandise which will not long tarry in the store, and for which many would be willing to pay a goodly price.

There have been many conjectures as to the relationship between Pedro de Alvarado and his two Spanish wives. Was it really love that prompted him to marry first Francisca and later Beatriz? Some might answer that love probably played a very minor role in both instances. Undoubtedly he needed friends in an administration where one man alone, Charles V, had absolute power over his subjects. The fact that the manifestations of this power were the direct result of favorable or unfavorable reports cannot be ignored. At the same time no one could deny the charms of Francisca and Beatriz de la Cueva.

In any case, there is little doubt of Beatriz's love for Pedro. A member of a distinguished family and one of the fairest ladies of her day, Beatriz could doubtless have had her choice of a husband among the court's great. Yet she married her sister's widower, at that time a man



Pedro de Alvarado, Governor and Captain General of Guatemala, who married Beatriz de la Cueva after the death of her sister, his first wife. At upper left, his coat of arms

in his forties. He may have looked younger than that, thanks to an active, outdoor life, but the difference in their ages must have been marked.

Beatriz gave up a sumptuous existence at the imperial court of Spain to follow her husband into a still enigmatic New World. To her this *terra incognita* must have seemed all the more menacing for having claimed the life of her sister.

But we know that a pleasant surprise awaited her. The Spaniards had established the new capital of the Kingdom of Guatemala in a lush valley with a fine climate. It clung to the side of a volcano, Hunahpu, with gentle slopes carpeted by grassy meadows, watered by many streams and rivulets. And for contrast, there was always the arid cone of the nearby volcano called "Fire," perennially crowned by a delicate plume of blue-white smoke.

José Milla, the noted Guatemalan historian and novelist, tells us that Beatriz and her ladies in waiting found a miniature Spanish court in the city of Santiago. The newly erected Governor's Palace was of noble proportions; the Cabildo, imposing; the Cathedral, a gem; as for the buildings housing the Spanish official population, they were as commodious as they were ornate. Social activities were arranged to fit every mood and every hour—deer and mountain-lion hunts, fairs, equestrian

spectacles, banquets, and dances.

But other chroniclers make it plain that Pedro de Alvarado's wife faced serious emotional problems. According to Albertina Gálvez of Guatemala's National Library, who has written about the subject, the women in Alvarado's life were many. Although the most outstanding, the Indian Princess of Xicotencatl, had long been dead at the time of his marriage to Beatriz, others must have succeeded her, for his biography is liberally sprinkled with mention of his illegitimate children, some in their infancy at the time of his death.

Unhappily, the two children Beatriz bore died shortly after birth. Later she threw open her home to the offspring of her rivals, providing her husband's natural children with all the advantages her own would have had.

Beatriz appears to have had a clear understanding of administrative affairs, as well as a keen awareness of military matters. These attributes, outstanding in any era, must have singled her out among the women of her generation.

Even today, the visitor to Guatemala cannot fail to be impressed by the aura of romanticism that still surrounds everything connected with Beatriz and Pedro. One imagines their tempestuous life together—she young, beautiful, accustomed to court flattery, demanding of her adventurous husband a constant devotion that he was incapable of giving her. Since she was far from home and friends and familiar environment, her affection for the fickle Pedro was her only outlet. But the conflicts of her heart were concealed by the deeply ingrained pride of an Infanta.

The news of Pedro's death in the battle of Nochistlán snapped this constant and rigorous restraint. Then, as now, bad news traveled fast, and rumors of the Governor's demise reached Guatemala early in July 1541. But people did not believe them, least of all Beatriz. Hadn't

Signature of "Adelantado P. de Alvarado"

he always managed to emerge unscathed from the most incredible situations? However, on August 29 an official letter from the Viceroy of New Spain confirming the rumors was read at a session of the Municipal Council.

Although life was cheap in those days, everyone was profoundly moved by Pedro's death. Even his most stubborn adversaries forgot his faults and remembered only his virtues. As for Beatriz, she wept and moaned and protested her loss to Heaven. She refused to eat or sleep. She seemed to revel in her grief.

With morbid curiosity, she demanded to know in detail all the circumstances of her husband's death. When she learned it had happened on the ridge of Muchitiltic, which in the local dialect meant "the all-black ridge," she renamed the palace for it and ordered it painted black, inside and out—including kitchens, stables, roofs. No means of displaying her woe was overlooked.

Several of Santiago's most respectable citizens tried to console her by telling her that death was, after all, inevitable and that God could have imposed a much greater calamity on her. "Silence, you fools!" she re-



Panel from the Tlaxcala Tapestry, now in Mexico City, showing the conquest of Guatemala by Pedro de Alvarado

plied. "God could have done me no worse injury than to deprive me of my lord, the Adelantado!"

Her blasphemous words scandalized the people of Santiago de Guatemala. Bishop Marroquín tried to reason with her, but to no avail; his advice, which she had generally heeded, fell this time on deaf ears.

The community was due for yet another shock. After the nine days of prescribed official mourning, Beatriz summoned the members of the Municipal Council and informed them of her desire to be appointed Governor and Captain-General to succeed her husband. When they demurred, she made it clear that the word "desire" was a mere formality; this was an order.

The men, thinking her temporarily deranged, tried to appease her with vague promises. But soon she forced them to hold a plenary session. Many expressed themselves openly against her appointment, alleging that no woman had ever held such a post; others—and they were the majority—recalled her interest in administrative and military matters. In her support they cited the example of former queens who had held the reins of

(Continued on page 43)



WHAT CAN SPANISH AMERICA OFFER?

FROM THE PAGES of *América*, a monthly published in Havana by the American Association of Writers and Artists, we gleaned this penetrating analysis of the continent's cultural progress, written by Dr. Rafael Heliodoro Valle, Honduran Ambassador to the United States and the OAS.

"Three hundred years ago Antonio de León Pinelo wrote *El Paraíso en el Nuevo Mundo*, which places the Promised Land in our hemisphere. From the day Columbus reached American shores a new optimism filled the air. Western man caught sight of another paradise where the gold was more brilliant than that of Ophir, the mahogany more precious than the wood in Solomon's temple, and the monsters more fabulous than the unicorn or Jonah's whale.

"The conquistadors hungered for more than gold and jewels. America intrigued them because it offered endless opportunities for doing noble deeds, for dominating nature, for developing new arts and new interests. Cortés, Pizarro, and Balboa were not archeologists; but as sensitive Europeans they thrilled to the experience of coming in contact with other forms of life, other preoccupations and problems. . . . The land widened at the step of their horses and the earth seemed to have no limits. Everything was just beyond the horizon, and unknown creatures were appearing in the water and the air. The inspiration Christopher Columbus, America's first poet, found in this new environment is apparent in his letters and logbooks.

"Gradually other peoples arrived in the unveiled paradise. . . Normans and Celts, Phoenicians and Greeks, men who spoke Latin, . . . men who were adept in baroque and Gothic sculpture and architecture, which expressed humanity's emotions in the face of the unknown. America, seen in dreams by the prophets and the philosophers, was now a reality for the geographers, the searchers for the Golden Fleece. . . .

"Inspired by the fruits and flowers that pre-Columbian artists had reproduced in ceramics and codices, the new American man . . . was developing his own style. Mestizo art . . . was born. New figures and colors were created with the woods, stones, metals, and fibers that were found in abundance. The Indians' art was interrupted . . . but the patterns they knew by heart and many of their old techniques cropped up in disguise among the Christian columns and altars, the outdoor crosses, and the gold leaf of the retablos. Just as butterflies hide when winter comes, only to reappear in the first warm days of spring, the genius of the conquered artists took refuge in books, only to return later in mural painting, sculpture, and industrial arts. . . .

"[Archeological discoveries] have permitted us to probe deeper into our history. Little by little America is falling in love with itself. Proud of both its European and its native American ancestors, it is revaluing ancient wisdom and seeking to give it new expression. . . . It is a long process, but four centuries of Western influence are really nothing compared with the

time it took for Greco-Roman art and the Middle Ages to produce the maturity of Renaissance Europe. Culture is the fruit of much patience. . . .

"After a hundred and thirty years of independent life America is still struggling to take full advantage of the heritage left by its forefathers and provide adequate bread and shelter for its sons. . . . All of us—without exception—have suffered cruel setbacks, violent and incompetent governments, attacks and humiliation from countries stronger than our own, antipathies and wars among ourselves. Step by step we are searching for the juridical, political, social, and economic institutions that suit our particular needs. . . .

"There are hopeful signs that make us confident of fulfilling our high destiny. We can offer proof of our creative abilities, not only in the arts, but also in science. [In Spanish America] we have produced men who have proved that scientific progress can be made here if our researchers are given the same opportunities as their counterparts in the United States. Our individualism has been a serious handicap. And we lack some of the qualities that explain the prodigious growth of the United States: interest in serving the community, tolerance, discipline, heroism in everyday life. Instead of giving vent to our insatiable curiosity and dipping into a wide variety of fields, we need to specialize, orient our training to one vocation. . . .

"What is the world expecting of Spanish America in respect to culture? Do we have the necessary human resources to develop an original one? Have we taken full advantage of the

civilizations that met head-on in America four centuries ago, changing the course of its history? Here are a few ideas that might help answer these questions:

"1. Spanish America has tremendous natural enemies opposing its progress: long coasts that are difficult to approach; vast unpopulated regions and impenetrable forests; endemic diseases that attack the inhabitants unmercifully; gentle climates and abundant wild fruits that permit survival without working in some areas; the problem of inadequate transportation facilities in the mountainous countries, which aviation cannot fully solve for many years; and, worst of all, poverty and illiteracy. In some regions where there are abundant precious woods man has still not learned to use them for building adequate housing; in others where there is plenty of water agriculture cannot flourish because there is no irrigation. . . .

"2. The diverse ethnic groups of Spanish America have failed to merge into a new human type. There is a mestizo population, but huge Indian masses (in Mexico, Guatemala, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru) still speak many different dialects and live in superstitious ignorance.

"3. Certain individuals have made outstanding contributions to the art of the Spanish-speaking world and ventured successfully into the field of science. But wherever the economy is still in the hands of a feudal aristocracy, public education remains a privilege of one sector of the population.

"4. Spanish America has no adequate means of diffusing artistic and scientific knowledge. Various programs of intellectual cooperation have been tried, but there have been many failures. The people of the different Spanish American countries are ignorant about one another. And except for certain scholars who are acquainted with that part of our affairs that concerns their own field of specialization, the people of Europe and the United States know little about Latin America.

"5. There is a widespread belief that Western civilization has gone bankrupt in Europe, and that, fortunately, its seeds have been saved in America. But we must develop hybrids that are better than what Europe gave

us. Some residents of the more progressive Spanish American countries consider themselves European and look with disdain on the America to which they belong geographically and historically. Such people belong neither to Europe nor to America; but fortunately they are now growing less numerous. Some of our visitors have been surprised to find cities with a highly individual stamp, and progress that exceeds Europe's in many ways.

"6. Unlike chemical products, new cultures are not made with formulas. Many cultures, paradoxically, have originated in insecure and disturbed surroundings. Cannot eugenics produce a composite man who possesses the good points of all the peoples that have contributed most to human greatness? Perhaps someday the fertile imagination of the Spanish American can be combined with the discipline and steadfastness of his U.S. counterpart to form an integral American, a 'cosmic race.' "

THE STORY OF A CITY BLOCK

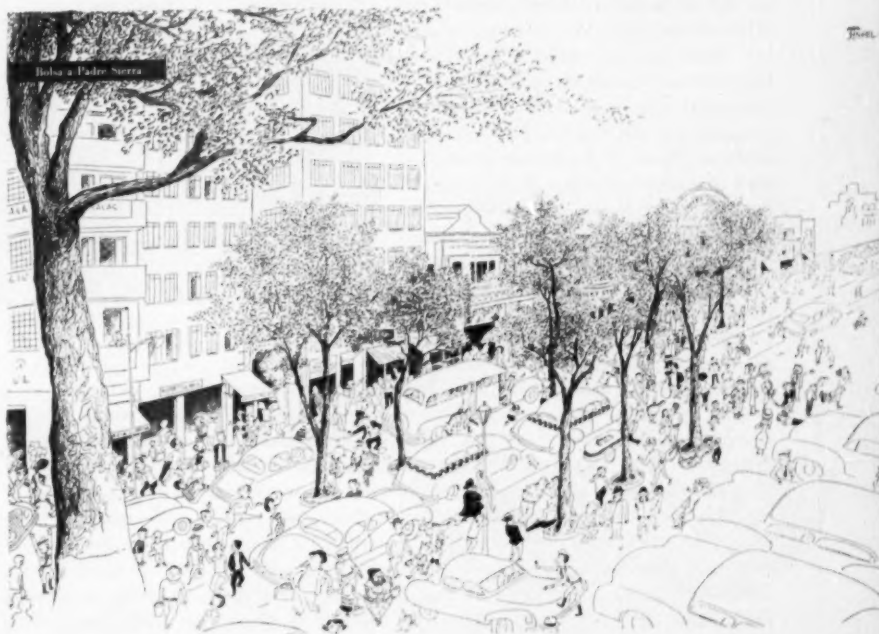
ON MAPS OF CARACAS the streets are systematically numbered in accordance with their relation to the Plaza Bolívar (the central square). But in the old section of the capital nobody uses those numerical street names; people live at such and such a number between two

named intersections. The following description and drawing of a typical Caracas block appeared in *El Farol*, a bimonthly magazine of general interest published in Spanish by the Creole Petroleum Corporation.

"The block between Bolsa and Padre Sierra intersections runs north and south. From colonial days it has been a familiar landmark, an integral part of the hustle and bustle of the city. Ever since the years before 1600, when the newly founded settlement was known as Santiago de León de Caracas, it has been steeped in legend and tradition. By 1603 the street was cobbled and on either side stood rows of balconied houses with grilled doorways, where aristocratic people lived out their tranquil lives. . . .

"Along this street in 1658 women walked back from the river with jugs of water on their shoulders or strapped to the backs of their burros. And along it in 1675 the river water was channeled through stone conduits . . . on its way to the central plaza, where it served the needs of the residents.

"Following the block's history down through the years, . . . we come eventually to the noise and movement, the days and the nights of modern Caracas, the Caracas of 1953. Gone are the street lanterns with their faint yellow light, the shadowy windows, the airs



of a residential section. The old ceiba trees seem to be saying: Look at the city that has sprung up, the nervous flashing of neon signs, the commercial geometry of theaters, cafés, shops, skyscrapers, the fast-moving traffic that stops at the whistle of an alert policeman, the pedestrians hurrying toward their assorted destinies. . . .

"In the block from Bolsa to Padre Sierra one can also listen to the sounds of the city. And in the shadow of its smooth trees men pause to comment on the latest sports events or political rumors. . . .

"Built on enduring traditions, the block joins with those that surround it in reflecting the changes modern times have brought to the capital. This fine drawing by the Spanish artist Angel Puig Miguel captures at a glance the whole feeling of this corner of Caracas."

PRISONERS ON THE PAYROLL

SINCE PRISONS and their problems have been causing concern in so many places, we think readers will be interested in this account of a Brazilian experiment now going on in the state of São Paulo, described by correspondent Daniel Linguanotto of the *Revista do Globo*, a fortnightly review published in Porto Alegre.

"At Carandiru Penitentiary the São Paulo Government recently applied the biblical precept that a man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Up to now the state's prisoners have depended for their daily bread on budgetary plans traceable to the days of Dom Pedro II. Last year poor food and mistreatment of prisoners caused a spectacular escape from Carandiru and a bloody riot on the prison island of Anchieta.

"The state authorities resolved to make radical changes in the penitentiary system and entrusted the task to the 'man of iron' who had helped them out of difficult situations before: Joaquim Cruz Seco, former head of the maritime police. At first the press criticized this appointment on the grounds that Seco was a man with too much energy. It was feared that he would create a reign of terror in the prisons, which would lead to a fresh wave of rioting and hence to more uneasiness for the general public.

"One week after he took over, Seco surprised everyone by announcing a soccer game between prisoners and a local club on an open field. The Inspecting Judge of Prisons tore his hair; to him this was the height of folly. If nine prisoners could escape from 'inviolable' Carandiru by digging a fifty-foot tunnel, what would these men do in an unguarded, unfenced playing field? Nevertheless, the match took place in an atmosphere of perfect order. The prisoners even avoided kicking their opponents in the shins! 'I wanted to prove with the game,' declared Seco after the excitement had died down, 'that what the prisoners needed was someone who understood their desire to lead as normal lives as possible.'

"Gradually, changes were introduced into prison life: movies twice a week, television shows, more athletic contests, wholesome food, and so on. Then one fine day the state security officer announced that he could not imprison eight thousand criminals condemned by the courts because he had no place to put them. The state government contracted with a private firm for construction of a new prison, and that

thermore, I learned that the prisoners whose families were undergoing hardships were the most rebellious. We had to find a way to help those families, but how could we do it when official funds barely paid for the support of the prisoner himself? Letting imprisoned men work for pay and thus continue to be the mainstay of their wives and children seemed the logical answer.'

"The firm that won the contract was receptive to the idea of hiring prisoners, but there were some problems. How could the labor laws requiring applicants to present employment cards be complied with when the prisoners, whose civil rights had been suspended, held no documents of any kind? How could a prisoner sign a contract, since, with his movements controlled by others, he had no assurance that he could fulfill its terms? What should be done about weekly days of rest and annual vacations? . . .

"Consulted on these questions, the São Paulo Department of Labor decided that Seco, as head of the Department of Prisons, would have to sign a labor contract with the company, making himself responsible for



Some of the Carandiru prisoners who are helping to support their families with wages earned as construction workers

was when Seco got the idea of paying the prisoners to do the work.

"I found out," he told this reporter, 'that although sentences are imposed on the perpetrators of crimes, it is often their wives and children who suffer the most, since they are deprived of their breadwinner. In other words, a criminal's innocent family was being forced to share his punishment. Fur-

compliance with the laws. This contract would give the prisoners all the usual prerogatives of laborers, including vacations (money, naturally, would be substituted), accident insurance, and so on. Welfare allowances would be transferred to their families, since the convicts' own needs were already being taken care of in prison.

"The problem was solved. Seco

picked an initial group of twenty-five men on the basis of their behavior and their families' need. The experiment that will undoubtedly go down as an important milestone in the history of Brazilian criminology was launched.

"It was established that the prisoner would keep half his pay and the other half would go to his family. The depressing striped suits were replaced with shirts and trousers like those worn by all workmen, except for the numbers on the shirt backs.

"The convicts are now helping build the new prison. The only difference between them and their free fellow workers is that when the six-hour day is over, the latter return to their homes and the former go back to their cells in Carandiru. The cells, however, are clean and sunny and probably boast more hygienic conditions than the free workers' humble cottages. At night the prisoners can go to the movies, watch soccer games on television, or enjoy sports journals.

"They used to earn two cruzeiros a day in the penitentiary offices; now they earn forty—exactly the same pay as regular construction workers. A punishment in some prisons, at Carandiru work has become a prize for which all the inmates vie with one another. Although only twenty-five of Carandiru's eighteen hundred prisoners took part in the initial experiment, Seco plans to form new teams to help build highways, more prisons in the interior of the state, and so on, as the idea proves itself. He is thinking of acquiring special buses to transport the crews from one place to the other. . . .

"As Seco and I were leaving the prison, a young inmate approached him and begged for an opportunity to take part in the new plan. 'I have a wife and a little five-year-old daughter,' he said. 'Give me a chance to support them!'

"The system gives the appearance of having been in operation a century instead of just a few weeks. It has become the central interest of the prisoners. All want to work. Barbers, accountants, clerks, people used to all kinds of lighter occupations, are ready and willing to do heavy manual labor. A university professor who taught eight subjects before the 'misfortune'



"Pardon me, but are you the people who advertised for a capitalist with fifty thousand cruzeiros?"—O Cruzeiro, Rio

is working as a master builder. As this professor puts it, the prisoners are anxious to 'build their redemption brick by brick.'

MUSICAL SHORTCUT

FROM THE PAGES of *Visión*, the Spanish biweekly news magazine published in New York, we learn of a startling innovation in the world of music:

"The well-known musicologist Rupert Hughes once predicted that the twenty-first century would see a new system of musical notes replacing the traditional one. A youngish, pleasant-looking citizen of Quito seems to have moved up this event by half a century. The González Musical System, which is distinguished by its simplicity and practicality, is being rapidly adopted in the musical circles of the Ecuadorean capital.

"Clodoveo González, the inventor, was formerly the organist at Quito's famous La Compañía Church and is now a music professor. He had singing lessons in high school and learned musical theory by observation. Without further training he sat down one day and played the reed organ; a year later he was playing it in public. At nineteen he went to Turin, Italy, and studied music at the International Institute.

"Here are the chief characteristics of his system, which he worked on over a number of years and made public only recently: the staff has six lines instead of five. The top three are red; the bottom three, blue. The lines and spaces of this staff, plus the space

above the top line, are the fixed positions for the twelve fundamental tones that form the chromatic octave that González calls a dodecade. The twelve notes are called Na, Sa, Ne, Se, Ni, Ba, La, Be, Le, Bi, Li, and Bo, and correspond to C, C \sharp , D, D \sharp , E, F, F \sharp , G, G \sharp , A, A \sharp , and B. On musical instruments that have been adapted to this system—pianos, accordions, marimbas, xylophones, and stringed instruments—C, D, and E are blue, F \sharp , G \sharp and A \sharp , are red; and C \sharp , D \sharp , F, G, A, and B are white because they correspond to the spaces in the staff. . . .

"The simplicity of this system gives it tremendous possibilities. According to the inventor, music students will be saved years of preparation, and musicians will be able to concentrate on interpretation or creative work, since the theory of harmony, composition, modulation, and so on, will become clear, logical, and concise.

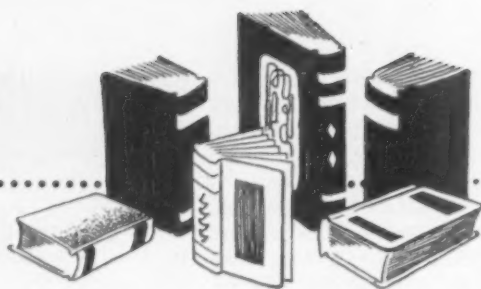
"Nevertheless, González himself expected strong resistance from professionals in the field, most of whom cling to tradition and the belief that it is impossible to do away with the great variety of keys and all the sharps, flats, and natural signs they entail. He expects to visit the United States soon to make his system better known and to patent it. He has already won approval from the Ministry of Education and other interested circles in his country.

"In 1951 two hundred students gave a concert in Quito's Arenas Plaza on *rondadores* (a type of Ecuadorean Indian flute) adapted to the system. They played beautifully, although they had practiced only twenty hours. And last fall thirty-five student musicians at the Colegio Americano who had been chosen to play at the Christmas celebrations eagerly awaited the arrival of their new accordions, made to order in Italy according to González' specifications."



—Habitat, São Paulo

BOOKS



FREEDOM AND THE SCHOOLS

WARM APPROVAL in academic circles greeted the appointment as U.S. High Commissioner in Western Germany of James Bryant Conant—president of Harvard University for more than twenty years, an outstanding philosopher and scientist, and a tireless defender of academic freedom. However, since he has defended democratic principles in these crucial days with unfaltering conviction and a scientist's serenity, his appointment to an extremely delicate diplomatic post was bound to provoke opposition in some quarters. Still remembered is the controversy Conant aroused when he warned an assemblage of school superintendents from all over the country of the danger to democracy posed by the increase in private schools and declared himself opposed to the use of public funds to support them. His ideas on education, science, and culture are set forth in his writings and speeches. So it is not surprising that when the appointment was announced, voices of protest mingled with those of approbation.

This background insures that his book *Education and Liberty* will awaken the interest not only of many educators in the United States and abroad, but also of scholars, lawmakers, and all who are concerned with democratic principles. In it he focuses, with the clarity of one who thinks straight and the force of one who says what he thinks, on a fundamental problem of education in the United States. As in no other country, most adolescents in the United States go on to secondary school. What kind of school for them can best serve the interests of a modern democracy? Referring to Jefferson's concern with this problem, Conant asks, "How can a nation best cull 'the national aristocracy of talents and virtue' and prepare it 'by education at the public expense for the care of the public concerns' and what 'degree of instruction' is today required in order that our liberties may be safe 'in the hands of the people'?"

In the first of the book's three chapters, the author compares adolescent education in the United States with that in England, Scotland, Australia, and New Zealand. Though all share the same Anglo-Saxon tradition, the United States has developed very differently in this field from the others. As I have said, almost all its adolescents attend secondary school; in England, Scotland, and Australia only a minority remain in school beyond fourteen. In the United States most students attend the same kind of school, and it is not until fifteen or so that an adolescent chooses a career; in the other Anglo-Saxon countries, young people attend different types of schools,

depending on their social class, and the decision as to which individuals are to pursue higher academic studies is made at the age of eleven.

Conant attributes this "drive for general education for all American Youth" to "the great popular success of the nonprofessional college with its relatively slight emphasis on selection of those with intellectual talents." Although the "college" had its roots in the England of the sixteenth century and the early seventeenth, it was in the United States and not in England, for various reasons, that it flourished.

He concludes with ten suggestions, preceded by several paragraphs in which he states what he modestly and honestly calls his "prejudices."

For him, the doctrine of equality has come to mean in the United States not parity of status for adults, but equal opportunities for youth. This ideal implies a relatively fluid social structure, changing from generation to generation, and mutual respect between the different groups—in a word, a minimum of class distinction—which, in turn, means that the nation will benefit by drawing on the greatest possible reservoir of potential talent. On how well this ideal is realized through the schools, and on how well they teach the fundamental tenets of democracy, depends the future of individual freedom in the United States.

Conant believes *all* youth can profit by the study of history, literature, the elements of political science, economics, sociology, and geography, and by some instruction in the methods of the natural sciences and the arts. He also believes that the public high school should be the school in which the future banker, laborer, lawyer, and engineer share a common experience. This is the school that has achieved the miraculous assimilation of dissimilar human elements in U.S. culture, and that is needed for continuing unity. "What the Public Schools [that is, private preparatory schools] of England accomplished for the future governing class of that Nation," says the author, "the American High School is now attempting to accomplish for those who govern the United States—namely, all the people."

On the basis of these convictions, Conant favors broadening and strengthening the comprehensive public high school. While it is true that 92 per cent of secondary students attend public school, many are enrolled in vocational schools. He recognizes that the all-inclusive secondary school has not concerned itself with the education of the intellectually gifted. This can and should be done, but within the flexible and varied program of that school. He also approves of giving adolescents an opportunity

James B. Conant, author
of *Education and Liberty*



for work experience, and feels that their moral and spiritual development could be more effectively promoted.

Conant's convictions lead him to believe that "the greater the proportion of our youth who fail to attend public schools and who receive their education elsewhere, the greater the threat to our democratic unity." For him, "to use taxpayers' money to assist private schools is to suggest that American Society use its own hands to destroy itself." He does not deny parents the right to send their children to whatever school they like, and concedes that "within certain limits" healthy competition between public and private schools may be advantageous to the former. But the private school that develops or perpetuates the division of society into classes, based on the circumstances of birth, has no place in the U.S. kind of democracy.

Under Conant's proposals, existing universities and colleges would not increase in number or in size; the two-year "community college" would become more widespread; the period of schooling for young people now in college with no aptitude for higher academic studies would be reduced; and formal education for a large percentage of young people would end at eighteen. "For the future," he concludes, "we must endeavor to combine the British concern for training the 'natural aristocracy of talents' with the American insistence on general education for all future citizens."—*Francisco S. Céspedes*
EDUCATION AND LIBERTY: THE ROLE OF THE SCHOOLS IN A MODERN DEMOCRACY, by James Bryant Conant. Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard University Press, 1953. 168 p. \$3.00

AN ISLAND PEOPLE

THE PRODUCT of many years of study, Emilio Willems' *Buzios Island*, written in cooperation with Gioconda Mussolini, is surely the most important contribution to our knowledge of *caiçara* culture so far published. "*Caiçara*" is the name by which the mestizos of the rural areas of the southern Brazilian coast are known.

As in so many other places in Latin America, we find here a curious contrast between the inhabitants of the coast and those of the plateau. The *caboclos* of the interior—made up principally of Indian, Portuguese, and Negro stock—feel a certain sense of superiority over the *caiçaras*, considering them lazy, immoral, and inclined toward drink. A trip along the southern Brazilian coast seems to confirm the *caboclos*' worst ideas. The habitat

of the *caiçaras* shows little evidence of having been modified by the hand of man. Dense forests with exuberant vegetation growing right down to the water's edge alternate with mangrove swamps in an oppressive, humid, tropical climate. Except for two large centers, Rio de Janeiro and Santos, and a few small ports, the coast seems almost uninhabited and completely uninhabitable. But hidden amid the vegetation, the *caiçaras* go on doing battle with their environment, engaging in fishing and in an agriculture based principally on manioc or cassava, the Indians' contribution to the colony.

Indian cultural survivals are strong and abundant among the *caiçaras*, but are mixed with European and African elements, especially in the field of religion and magic. The isolation in which they have lived facilitated the development of a rather uniform culture, with characteristics that distinguished it both from other regional cultures and from the dominant national culture of modern Brazil.

The most surprising thing is that behind the apparently static front are proofs of profound changes in the past. During the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the coast was quite different. At that time it was more important than the interior plateau. A fairly large population filled the old ports of Mambucaba, Parati, Ubatuba, São Sebastião, Iguape, and Cananéia. Its prosperity was based on sugar, rice, and coffee. Sumptuous churches and homes were built. When, partly because of various plagues, the agriculture of the region began to decline, and when new communication routes were opened that concentrated trade in Rio and Santos, the smaller ports were ruined. The population scattered, and now nothing is left but a few artistic treasures, which have been designated "national monuments," and impressive ruins almost buried in tropical vegetation. Sometimes the ostentatious façade of a building is only a curtain covering a backdrop of thickets and weeds. All this had happened by the end of the nineteenth century. The economy of the *caiçaras* dropped almost to a mere subsistence level.

Since 1930 some signs of a new economic rehabilitation, mainly through fishing, have begun to appear. Under government protection colonies of fishermen were established, new techniques were introduced, means of communication were opened, health conditions were improved, and so on. In this reawakening a group of recent arrivals has played a part: the Japanese. The coast seems anxious again to dispute the hegemony of the plateau.

In view of this briefly sketched background, the extraordinary interest that study of the *caiçaras* holds is easy to understand. A multitude of problems may be profitably analyzed: for example, man's relationship with his environment; the contrast between the culture of the tropical coast and that of the temperate plateau; the effect of economic and technological changes on the socio-cultural structure; the process of transculturation; and so on. In accordance with the present trend in anthropology, the authors of this book decided to concentrate their investigation on a community considered typical of the general culture, and then compare their

results with an extensive examination of the region. The community chosen was Búzios Island (the name is the Portuguese word for the univalve shell of a marine mollusk), near the large island of São Sebastião.

The first report of any length on the island was made by Euclides da Cunha, who visited Búzios in 1902. He found 358 inhabitants, living under a patriarchal regime and undergoing a painful transition from a commercial coffee agriculture to a subsistence economy based on farming and fishing. The island's previous history, judging by the few known written references to it and above all by oral tradition, abounds in incidents of piracy and slave trading.

Now reduced to 126, the inhabitants of Búzios are still as skillful at building canoes and as bold at handling them as their ancestors were. There is no private ownership of land, though houses, furniture, tools, canoes, and crops are individually held. The authors offer a minute description of the houses, health conditions, demography, economic activities, and technology.

The family organization, in which remnants of the ancient paternal authority are apparent, shows some deviations from the general pattern of Brazilian life. For example, marriages are relatively unstable, and often women take the initiative in the separation. Feelings of jealousy are not very pronounced, and unmarried women are not penalized for having sexual relations, nor is much importance given to virginity. Religion, as conceived and practiced by the islanders, has little resemblance to Christianity. Though the sacred dances have disappeared and there is no cult of the dead, magic beliefs and customs flourish, especially in relation to childbirth, sickness, storms, and fires.

The population and its culture are Creole, a historically produced mixture of Portuguese and Indian, Willems and Mussolini conclude—part of the *caçara* culture, a clearly defined Brazilian subculture.—Angel Palerm

BUZIOS ISLAND, by Emilio Willems, in cooperation with Gioconda Mussolini (Monographs of the American Ethnological Society). Locust Valley, New York, J. J. Augustin, 1952. 116 p.

INTRODUCING MARTÍ

MANUEL PEDRO GONZÁLEZ' *José Martí, Epic Chronicler of the United States in the Eighties* is a tribute in English by a Cuban professor of Spanish American literature at the University of California at Los Angeles. It commemorates the first centennial, in January of 1953, of the birth of this great Cuban patriot and man of letters, well known in the Spanish American world and almost totally unknown in the Anglo-American world.

The author of the book, an eminent *martiano*, has written this informative work with the idea of arousing "in the reader an interest in one of the most admirable figures mankind has produced." In my opinion he fails to create such interest simply because he does not offer us an opportunity to read some of Martí's excellent articles and literary essays on the United States from 1880 to 1895, the period in which Martí lived and wrote

there. At the very least, the ten quotations that appear in the Notes should have been translated into English. Very few of Martí's own words are included in the book. As it is now, I am afraid that the privilege and pleasure and intellectual challenge of reading Martí's thoughts and ideas is not yet possible in the language of Shakespeare. And the book, unfortunately, does not even have a picture of the Cuban genius.

As the author says in the Notes: "The only biography worthy of José Martí available in English is that of the Cuban professor, Jorge Mañach, *Martí, Apostle of Freedom*, translated by Coley Taylor (New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1950)." It seems to me that Dr. González' own contribution to the average U.S. reader's understanding of Martí could have been more effective and direct; an anthological and critical work would have constituted a real introduction to the "pride" of Cuba and Spanish America. Nevertheless, González' book—or "sketch," as he calls it—is a noble, patriotic, and cultural tribute.

In the introduction, written by Sturgis E. Leavitt, Kenan Professor of Spanish at the University of North Carolina, four distinguished Spanish American writers who wrote at different times about the United States of America are compared briefly: Martí; José María Heredia (1803-1839), Cuban lyric poet and author of the famous *Niagara*; Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-1888), Argentine president and educator, a great admirer of the U.S. philosophy of education; and José Enrique Rodó (1872-1917), Uruguayan essayist and author of one of the most influential essays written in Spanish America on Anglo-American culture, *Ariel*. Mr. Leavitt writes: "... [the author] gives us an insight into the genius of one of the greatest figures in the history of America." And yet neither at UCLA nor at North Carolina, where the authors of the introduction and of the book teach—nor, probably, at any other university in the United States—is there even a special graduate course on José Martí, though his writings about the United States between 1880 and 1895 add up to the respectable total of seventeen volumes. Fourteen of these contain articles and journalistic essays on what González thinks should have been titled *Panorama Norteamericana* rather than *Escenas Norteamericanas* (North American Scenes), as the compilers of Martí's work name it. The other three deal with men of letters, political leaders, and great personalities of various kinds, grouped under the title *Norteamericanos*. Some of those about whom Martí wrote are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Henry W. Longfellow, Oscar Wilde, General Grant, President Garfield, Mark Twain, the Quaker poet Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Peter Cooper, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Roscoe Conkling, and James G. Blaine. The fourteen volumes of *Escenas Norteamericanas* contain articles and newspaper reports on a wide variety of topics, such as the political corruption of the time, the setting up of the Statue of Liberty, the Charleston earthquake, Coney Island, Fourth of July celebrations, famous restaurants like Delmonico's, labor rallies, and so on—"everything from foreign affairs to Easter eggs."

But we do not have Martí in English; and this is a grave lack because of what Martí's ideas and life have to offer to the future of America and to the world itself, for he belongs to all mankind.

Dr. González has divided his "sketch" into nine main small chapters; "Historical Perspective," "Life of a Hero," "Man of Culture and Ideals," "Man of Destiny," "The United States in the Eighties," "Martí, Chronicler of the Transformation," "A Plutarchian Portrayer," "Interpreter of Social Panorama," and "David and Goliath." The last five are undoubtedly the most directly interesting to the U.S. reader. The author presents interestingly and informatively the intellectual and emotional reactions of José Martí as an interpreter for several distinguished Spanish American newspapers, such as *La Nación* of Buenos Aires and others, of life and men in the United States, at the same time that he was interpreting Spanish America for the United States in the *New York Sun*, "a connection that lasted some twelve years."

I don't know how many people will read this little book on Martí, written with so much devotion and charm, and with such an authentic and sincere spirit of "Americanism." But the people of this peculiar environment of the "cult of wealth" that is the United States should get in touch with the man who said things like these:

With the needy of the earth
Do I want my lot to cast. . . .

Only the men of deeds remain; and above all
the men whose deeds were guided by love.
Only love penetrates and endures. . . . Only
love builds.

There is an aristocracy of the spirit: it is
formed by those who rejoice in the growth and
affirmation of man. The human species has
but one cheek: wherever a man is struck on
his cheek, every man receives the blow.

Flags are at half mast; hearts grieve:
Peter Cooper is dead. . . . I was not born in
this land, nor did he ever know me. Yet
I loved him as a father. If ever our paths
had crossed, I would have kissed his hand.

We love the country of Lincoln as much as
we fear the country of Cutting.

I am sure they would then recognize in José Martí a spirit akin to Lincoln's. For this Cuban was a true citizen of the Americas who nobly and brilliantly and epically dreamed of an "America for the World."

In a recent article in the *New York Times* book review section, Abel Plenn wrote: "Indeed, [Martí's] exaltation of that love for humanity frequently transcends the humanism not only of the eighteenth and nineteenth century thought but of our own century as well, and makes him seem more like a spokesman of some future civilization. . . . [He was] a poet-philosopher who forced himself to become a fighter for oppressed humanity. For Martí, involved as he was in the immediate political fate of his native Cuba and other Latin American countries, was even more profoundly concerned with the lot of all mankind." This is the man Dr. González is offering to the U.S. reader. And yet—so far as I know—not a single master's or doctor's thesis has been written on him in

the United States of America. Talk of injustice!—*Enrique Noble*

JOSÉ MARTÍ, EPIC CHRONICLER OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE EIGHTIES, by Manuel Pedro González, with an introduction by Sturgis E. Leavitt. Chapel Hill, The University of North Carolina Press, 1953. 79 p. \$3.00

VENEZUELA IN CLAY

(Continued from page 19)

celebrities who signed them. Among the many famous Venezuelans represented in the collection are novelist Rómulo Gallegos (whose plate bears a plainsman's couplet from his book *Cantaclaro*), shortstop Alfonso (Chico) Carrasquel, poet Miguel Otero Silva, musician Juan Vicente Lecuna, painter Armando Reverón, journalist Enrique Bernardo Núñez, and scientist Augusto Pi Suñer. Among the foreign personalities represented are Julian Huxley, Jean Cocteau, Pablo Neruda, Germán Arciniegas, Archibald MacLeish, Nicanor Zabaleta, Carlos Pellicer, Sergio Celibidache, Herman Wahinger, William Beebe, Eduardo Santos, Luis de Aragón, José Bergamín, Waldo Frank, León Felipe, and even Prince Bertil of Sweden. She sent the prince a plate through the Swedish diplomatic representative in Caracas, and he not only signed it but painted a border of flowers.

She spends most of her time making things for her friends: mosaics for a parlor floor, a lamp base, some vases, a jewel case, a frame for a picture or mirror, a flowerpot, a water jug, a paperweight, a map, some plates, a fruit dish, an ash tray, a medal, a crucifix, or even some clips. Because it is exclusive and because of its delicacy María Luisa's jewelry is a mark of distinction in Caracas society.

In her latest creations—angels playing the harp, maracas, and the *cuatro* (a small guitar), the three basic instruments of Venezuelan music—one can observe a growing interest in light and shadow effects. They are made by stretching clay on a piece of burlap to produce a granitelike texture, and then pressing it into highly imaginative hollow figures. "With a Goethean imagination," she says, "you can supply what is missing inside."

♦ ♦ ♦

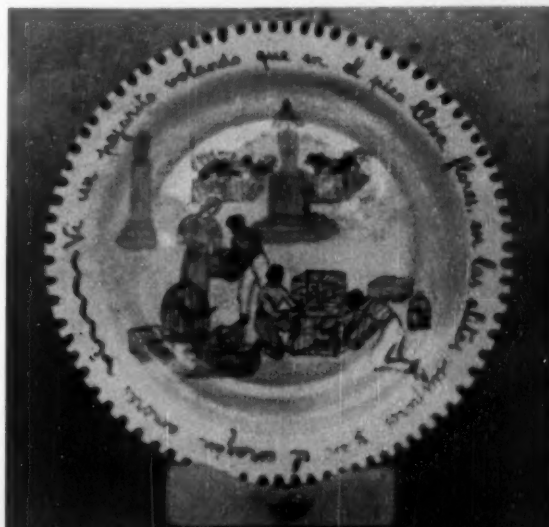
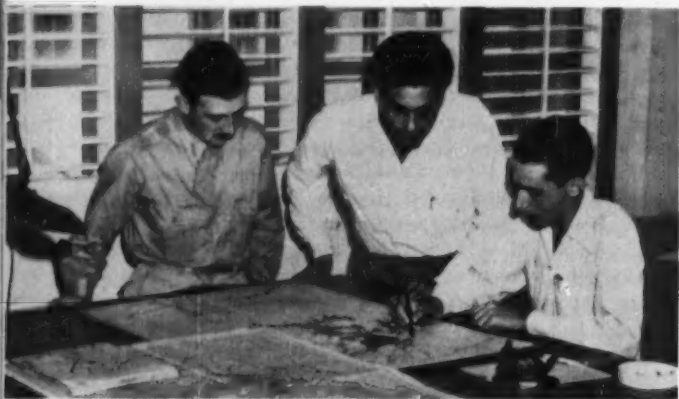


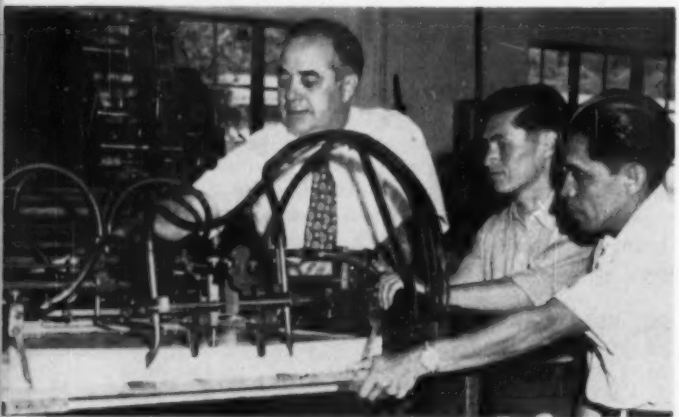
Plate by María Luisa depicting a bird vendor. Folklore vignette around border means: "I saw a little bird flying with flowers in his beak, sighs on his wings, and love in his heart"



Ralph Frangioni (right) teaches Ecuadorean Major Armando Guzmán use of astronomic transit at IAGS cartographic school



Tomás Guardia (center) trains students in exacting processes of cartographic drafting



Luis Tamburino (left) explains lithographic offset press to Rodrigo Olivera of Peru (center) and Raúl García of El Salvador

MAPPING LATIN AMERICA

(Continued from page 6)

assembled to complete the measurements in that sector.

In the over-all picture, more than half of the triangulation stations and bench marks for the basic survey have already been set up. In addition, the Antilles Tie, a triangulation network joining Haiti, Cuba, and Jamaica, has been completed. This measurement included the longest line ever visually observed—214.4 miles from Mt. Turquino on the south coast of Oriente Province, Cuba, to Mt. Macayo, about twenty-five miles northwest of Les Cayes, Haiti. In Brazil, an IAGS team is now cutting its way through the dense Mato Grosso jungles from the Bolivian border, heading for the coast, to connect the main eastern and western control lines.

Major Surkamp pointed on the map to a spot about two hundred miles southeast of Caracas, Venezuela, called La Canoa. Unknown as it is to laymen, this place is becoming the key reference point for all geodetic positions established in Latin America (geographers call it the South American Datum point). A similar North American key point is located at Mead's Ranch, Kansas. La Canoa's precise latitude and longitude are now being determined. Because mountain ranges and ocean depths alter the local pull of gravity, deflecting the surveyor's plumb bob from the vertical and upsetting astronomical observations, this is a complicated process. The deflection must be found in order to make the necessary correction for it. To do this, gravity measurements must be made at seventeen hundred or more surrounding points within a radius of one hundred miles. A large, flat plain is the best place for such work. Access by road through the area, accommodations for field personnel, and the co-operation provided by the government were other factors considered in selecting La Canoa for this honor.

At a third building in the Canal Zone, the IAGS launched a highly successful cartographic school last August. With Point Four and Institute of Inter-American Affairs funds providing food and lodging, and the IAGS supplying equipment and instructors, Latin American technicians are studying the basic cartographic subjects of field surveying, photogrammetry, computing, and map reproduction. The last three represent the follow-up to the field work, leading to the printing of the finished map. The school molds its courses to the needs of the individual students, and while the IAGS has been giving on-the-job training for nearly seven years, the newly adopted system allows for more advanced and specialized work.

Thanks to IAGS' professional services and the enthusiastic cooperation of the seventeen nations, great progress has already been made in their cartographic capabilities. From the U.S. viewpoint, surveying done today will be invaluable to future plans for Hemisphere defense. To the Latin American nations, it represents welcome and necessary assistance in a field that is basic to their progress and well-being. For both North and South America, it will bring increased opportunities for friendly and profitable economic relations. From a global point of view, this program is one of today's outstanding examples of international collaboration. ♦ ♦ ♦

Helicopters are used for aerial reconnaissance and to transport men and supplies to remote observation points



PUERTO RICANS JOIN HANDS

(Continued from page 12)

and rock. A lean middle-aged man with a ruler, secretary of the community council and evidently leader of this group, greeted us. A lively discussion was in progress, on how deep to make the three trenches. "The engineers said to dig them two feet deep and to build the walls four feet high," we were told, "but some of us think one foot is deep enough in such hard ground." Mr. Rivera was inclined to agree with the latter, but in the end they decided to be on the safe side and follow the engineers' advice. The leader showed us a large quantity of pipe, acquired in advance; before starting out they had wanted to be sure they could supply every farm.

The most dramatic place we visited was a transplanted slum on a sandy dune near Arecibo. On individual plots stood shacks built of old scraps of lumber. Some had paint and porches; others showed where each patchy board joined the next; the families were still hard at work on others. The people of this community had formerly lived crowded together on a piece of land that was flooded with every heavy rain. Last year the storms had pounded away the shore and carried the land out from under them, whereupon they tore down the houses and piled on high ground what lumber they could salvage. The Department of Agriculture then obtained land down the coast a way, and gave each family a small lot in a properly designed community where it could build a house with its salvaged material.

"We are particularly proud of this development," said Mr. Rivera, "because we have been told that our housing cooperatives are made up of selected groups. But here is a total community of the poorest people you can find. Their response to a chance to better themselves and their community is just the same as the others'. The only trouble with all this community activity," he observed sadly, "is that we cannot begin to keep up with the requests."

I was interested, on this tour, in seeing how the cooperative movement was faring, for I had seen the initial impetus provided in 1945 and 1946 by Father Joseph A. MacDonald, of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, who had come by invitation to conduct a seminar on cooperatives at the University of Puerto Rico. In telling how the poor farmers and fishermen of Nova Scotia had bettered themselves by cooperative methods, he had made everyone who came in contact with him feel that the poor people of Puerto Rico could surely do as well. As a result of the enthusiasm he aroused, the Legislature had given legal sanction to cooperatives. A bank for cooperatives had been created, and 225 societies—eighty of them consumers' cooperatives—had been formed. I wondered whether they bore out Father MacDonald's belief that the cooperative spirit was more important to success than mere knowledge of store management.

In Sabana Seca we visited a typical thriving cooperative store, doing a thousand dollars' worth of business a week. "Some people go to the other grocery store," the manager said as he showed us his neatly kept books, "but our members understand about cooperation and

shop here faithfully. Of course, they have less money to spend now than during the sugar harvest, but some have jobs in town, so our sales do not fall off so badly as at some of the other cooperative stores." The impact of the "dead season" was more apparent in a store in another community. Sales had dropped from a thousand dollars a week to seven hundred, and would go lower. Nevertheless, the store was soundly operated, and had so outgrown its quarters that it was using half of the small community center next door for storage.

Despite marked progress, the consumers' cooperatives have a long way to go in helping to raise living standards through improved distribution. Annual meetings of delegates from the separate societies strengthen the individual unit. At the last meeting, plans were made to organize a wholesale cooperative to buy for all the stores—a tremendous advantage, since the bulk of the products handled is imported. Little headway has been made, however, in the handling of local produce. The manager at Sabana Seca showed us a few eggplants and some root crops purchased locally. That was all. Mr. Rivera noted that the cooperatives could stimulate the growing of much-needed fresh vegetables by providing a market and selling reliable seed (for lack of it, many farmers are discouraged from even trying to grow vegetables).

Not only in these group efforts but in their own farms, plots of land, homes, Puerto Ricans are showing the same self-confidence and initiative. We stopped at some family farms Mr. Rivera and one of his agronomists wanted to visit. At one we were greeted warmly by Don Pepe González, a big, burly farmer. How was he getting along? "Always keeping up the struggle," he replied, using a phrase—"siempre luchando"—we heard over and over. Four years before, he had received a thirteen-acre subsistence farm from the Land Authority, and by prodigious effort had turned it into a prosperous dairy. He led us to his cowshed, past a substantial house and a lush garden planted to bananas, pigeon peas, sweet potatoes, squash, beans, and other vegetables. "My wife's project," he remarked of the garden. "She works as hard as I do."

The thirteen cows, fat and clean, were in their stalls munching grass—chopped up because they liked it better that way. "This grass grows to the height of a man in six weeks," said Don Pepe. "Cutting it and hauling it to the cattle is less wasteful than turning them out to graze. We are now growing a new grass that is very rich in protein and will give us even more milk." Angelina, his prize cow, gave twice as much milk as the others. "If I could have six as good, I would have as much milk as now, with only half as many mouths to feed; then I could let them graze." This was his goal. He showed us his various plots of grass, and his three hogs. If he needed money he would sell the biggest hog; otherwise he would butcher it for the family's use. He was raising guinea fowls instead of chickens because, he said, they eat less and give more eggs and meat.

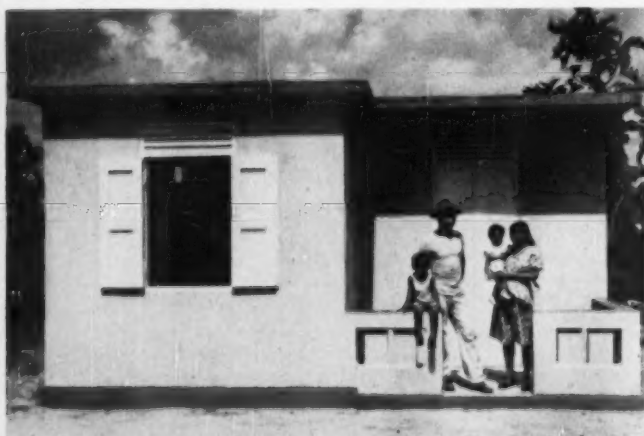
In four years he had paid off seven thousand dollars in debts and was cleaning up the rest. "When I got the farm I had twenty dollars, and the carpenter took ten the first day to start the house. I had to borrow money from

seventeen different places. Now I have a good house and a good herd. My children have the milk and eggs and vegetables they need."

Mr. Rivera and his assistants had showed him what grass to plant and how to care for his cattle, had advised him to plant yellow sweet potatoes which have more vitamins than the old white variety. His seed came from the agricultural experiment station, where he could be sure it had been tested.

"He is one of the best, but all our farmers have been selected because they looked promising," Mr. Rivera said, when I asked him later whether this energetic and resourceful man was typical of those who had received subsistence farms from the Land Authority. The man next door, whose house was surrounded by tall sugar cane, pointed to a small plowed field. "Here I'll grow lettuce for market," he said, with the same air of confidence that Don Pepe had shown in talking about the prospects for his dairy. Each farmer we visited was planting different crops and managing his few acres in a different way, but their manner was always the same. They were eager for suggestions but clearly were making their own plans and working out their own destiny.

A similar spirit of enterprise was evident in the home improvements to be seen in communities of every sort. Part of San José—a new development built to rehouse families from El Fanguito, San Juan's worst slum—had been set aside for those whose houses were not too flimsy to be moved. Already this section looked gay and attractive, for nearly every owner had built a wall, planted flowers, or painted. The same interest was apparent in the new privately built middle-class suburb of Puerto Nuevo, where row upon row of standard concrete-slab houses had acquired individuality with paint and planting to camouflage the monotony of the basic outlines.



Working together in groups of fifteen, Puerto Rican slum-dwellers build themselves concrete homes for three hundred dollars

As I said goodbye to my friends in San Juan, I understood why after more than ten years of struggle these leaders and technicians had lost none of their buoyancy. During my first visit in 1945, I had been impressed by

the citizens' readiness to take part in some social programs, but I had found that many governmental leaders were either uninterested or afraid the participation of untrained people might make it difficult to carry out planned programs. Now all that had changed. It would not have been surprising to find that the Puerto Rican development effort had lost its zest, as has happened so often to reform movements elsewhere. That it has gathered momentum instead may well be due to the fact that the movement has found its base, and the leaders their partners, in the people. ♦ ♦ ♦



When road gets too rough even for a jeep, organizer loads his equipment on horses and keeps going

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- 46 From *Dennis the Menace* (5)—Courtesy Editors Press

ON TOP OF THE CONTINENT

(Continued from page 26)

into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

After the peaceful settlement of the border dispute, funds began pouring in for the statue, and a young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso, was selected to execute the work. His final design was cast at the arsenal in Buenos Aires from the fused metal of cannon. Transported with difficulty to the top of Uspallata Pass, chosen as the "highest accessible point between the two countries," it was unveiled on March 13, 1904, before more than three thousand Argentines and Chileans—a considerable number in view of the remoteness of the spot before the opening of the railroad.

As I headed home, my mule preserved his equanimity, whatever inner urges he may have felt. His pace reflected only a leisurely deliberation on where each step was to fall. On the perpendicular sections of the trail he showed remarkable tranquility and an unfailing instinct for self-preservation in every motion. Instead of swinging around the sharp turns, he would stop momentarily, pivot slowly, and continue his stiff-legged gait down the slope. It was impossible to change his natural pace. Even in the deepest snow he showed no signs of desperation. When it was too much for him, he simply came to a slow halt and awaited the signal to draw back.

He wore a saddle similar in all respects to the standard Chilean *huaso* saddle. But there were two girths—one to hold it upright, and the other, encircling the rear portion of the belly, to keep it from slipping over his neck on steep, downhill grades. The rear girth needed occasional adjustment, and whenever this critical stage was reached, he sounded the alarm by stopping in his tracks and refusing to budge another inch.

In this and all other situations, he showed himself to be a beast of unending patience and discretion, and his stoical tenacity bolstered my courage during the entire expedition. By the time I collected my deposit at the hotel, it seemed small insurance indeed against the possible loss of such a valuable animal. By then, too, I fully appreciated the magnitude of the risk. ♦ ♦ ♦



THE HAPLESS ONE

(Continued from page 31)

government during the childhood of future male monarchs. Meanwhile, there would be time to hear from Spain. In the end, the majority won.

On assuming the role of Governor on Friday, September 9, 1541, Beatriz was given several documents to sign. She wrote: "La Sin Ventura (The Hapless One), Doña Beatriz." Then, with a sudden stroke of the quill, she crossed out "Doña Beatriz." The assembled group of officials stared incredulously at the words. With a look that challenged dispute, she stated that from then on she wished to be known only as "The Hapless One."

Suddenly businesslike, she decided to handle the delicate matters of land and Indian grants herself, while her brother, Don Francisco de la Cueva, would be in charge of hearings and other pronouncements of justice. She placed the symbolic staff of office in his hands, and administered his oath of allegiance.

These important developments took place at the height of the rainy season, and the intense downpours that year caused considerable comment. On Saturday night, about the time the people of Santiago began to retire, it was raining harder than ever, and the whole city was enveloped in an atmosphere of gloom. At best, people were uneasy, not knowing what their eccentric new Governor would contrive next; one look at her black mansion, dismally outlined against the mountain, was enough to plunge their already melancholy spirits into new depths of depression.

It had been dark for some two hours when they felt a strong earth tremor and heard a deep rumbling. The alarmed population reached the streets in time to see a great mass of water pouring down Hunahpu, dragging with it enormous boulders that uprooted trees and crushed everything in their path. Before the dazed populace could make a move, the torrent had invaded the city; the flimsier Indian huts in the suburbs floated amid the angry waters, and soon the solid Spanish homes began to topple under the impact of the flood and its cargo of rocks, timber, and debris.

The Governor's house was unquestionably the most substantial in the city, but it was also the closest to the mountain. Its tenants were just as terrified as the rest of the population, with the exception of the indomitable Beatriz.

When the members of her personal guard and most of her servants fled the palace, she remained, unperturbed. At two she retired to her chambers. Suddenly the entire structure shuddered and a sinister jar shook its walls. Beatriz emerged from her bedroom wrapped in a coverlet, the thing nearest at hand. Although not panicky, she had lost some of her assurance; she summoned her housekeeper and sent for her ladies in waiting.

Eight women were coming toward her when a flow of water surged into the house and carried them away amid the clatter of tumbling masonry. Eleven others succeeded in reaching Beatriz' side and looked to her for help. By now she was thoroughly frightened, but she thought fast. A chapel for her private use had recently been erected

Center of Portillo life is this hotel, one of Chile's best, offering de luxe accommodations and facilities for ski enthusiasts



Old capital, destroyed by earthquake and flood, stood at foot of volcano Agua (Water), at left. Other peak is Fuego (Fire)

Ruins of the palace chapel where Doña Beatriz met death. Lower floors, swept by the torrent, lie under present ground level



on the roof of the palace. It was the highest point in the city and would be the most distant from the onrushing tide. Followed by the distraught ladies, she climbed to the oratory.

Hunahpu's long-extinct crater had fed on the torrential rains like a hungry maw; filled to the brim, it could contain the waters no longer, and one side of the mountain—the one closest to the palace—gave way under their pressure. Like a raging, live monster they tumbled down the gentle slopes, furiously attacking whatever stood before them. Most of the palace was crushed as if it had been made of glass.

Among those who tried to rescue Beatriz was Francisco Cava, who reached her room a few minutes after she had left it to seek refuge in the upstairs chapel. Others glimpsed her coverlet-clad silhouette, leading her faithful attendants away from the only part of the house that was to withstand the impact of the quake. Meanwhile, Beatriz' own brother, Francisco de la Cueva, fought his way through the mud to reach the palace, but got no further than a garden wall, where he was forced by the turbulent waters to spend the night. Above the noise of the onslaught one could hear the terrible lowing of the cattle and the neighing of the horses caught in the maelstrom of mud and rocks.

When the sun finally pierced the clouds on Sunday noon, September 11, a crew of disgruntled citizens found the mortal remains of Beatriz in the ruins of the little chapel, surrounded by her eleven ladies in waiting. Bishop Marroquin succeeded in appeasing the outraged populace, which superstitiously held her responsible for their misfortune.

Santiago de Guatemala is now called Ciudad Vieja. Huge boulders still stand where Hunahpu, now renamed "Water," once spat them. Of the palace where Beatriz once dwelt only ruins remain.

The events of that apocalyptic night are described in minute detail by an eyewitness, a scribe named Juan Rodríguez. His memoir, published in Toledo in the year 1543, bears this impressive title: "The story of the terrible earthquake which took place in the Indies, in a city called Guatemala. It is an event worthy of the greatest wonder, as well as an exemplary warning to us all, so that we shall repent our sins and be ready for the hour when it will please the Creator to call us unto Him."

◆ ◆ ◆

Answers to Quiz on page 45

1. Puebla
2. Christmas
3. Yucatan
4. Silver
5. University of Mexico
6. Carlos Chavez
7. Seventh
8. It is the world's largest
9. Corn
10. Taxco

KNOW YOUR MEXICAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 44

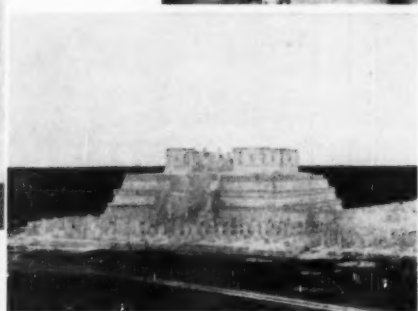


1. Potter at work in Mexico's leading ceramic and tile manufacturing city, —, capital of state with the same name. What is it?

2. Breaking the piñata, a jar of small gifts and candies. Is this Mexican custom traditional at Easter, at Christmastime, or on the Day of the Dead?



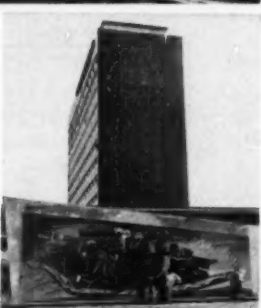
3. Temple of the Warriors is part of archeological excavations at Chichén-Itzá in southeastern Mexico, remnant of the highly civilized Mayan empire. Is it in Yucatan, Lower California, Chiapas, or Tamaulipas?



4. Mines like this one in Durango State make Mexico the world's leading producer of —. Fill in the blank.



5. Mural in mosaics is part of architecture that makes the campus of this university one of the most spectacular in the Americas. Is it Mexico City College, the University of Mexico, or the University of Guadalajara?



6. Famous composer and symphony orchestra conductor, former director of the country's Department of Fine Arts. Is he Diego Rivera, Carlos Chávez, Claudio Arrau, or Ary Barroso?



7. Tampico refinery, one of many that keep the country in first, third, seventh, or tenth place among the world's oil producers?



8. How does the Plaza de Toros in Mexico rank in size among the great bullrings of the world?



9. In Mexico, as in Iowa, this crop is the leading agricultural product. Much of it goes into *tortillas* and other breadstuffs. What is it?



10. Virtually every U.S. tourist in Mexico visits this town in Guerrero State, which is preserved as a national monument. Is it Taxco, Ouro Preto, Natchez, or Veracruz?



A MENACE PAYS OFF

(Continued from page 9)

perience. He is a father, and his child is blond, puckish, and named Dennis. It happened that after a particularly trying day in 1950, Alice Ketcham informed her homecoming husband that their son was a menace. Such a scene was probably not unknown to the Phoenicians, but this time the husband in question was a cartoonist and the catchiness of the rhyme struck a spark. After a period of brooding over his drawing board, he produced the Mitchells—son Dennis; a father, suitably named Henry, who looked like an austere Hank Ketcham (despite his tribulations Ketcham himself is anything but austere); a mother, Alice, whose hair he bleached from the real Alice's black to blond, because blond hair is less trouble to draw—and a variety of neighbors, postmen, truck drivers, and storekeepers with natures ranging from long-suffering to apoplectic. By October 1950 he had about twenty sample cartoons, which he submitted to the Post-Hall Syndicate. That did it.

Henry King Ketcham was born in Seattle, Washington, thirty-odd years ago. Within seven, he had chosen his career. To amuse the little boy, an advertising man calling on his father drew him a series of funny sketches. He was more than amused, he was entranced. He took every art course his high school offered, and ornamented school publications with cartoons that strike him now as pretty painful. Then he enrolled as an art major at the University of Washington.

By the end of his freshman year he had had enough History of Art and Fundamentals of Oil Painting; what he wanted was to be a cartoonist. So he headed for Hollywood and an apprentice's job in the animated-cartoon department of Universal Pictures. A year and a half later, he became an animator for Walt Disney—one of the people who make the endless series of drawings that cause the picture to "move." He worked on Donald Duck shorts and on *Fantasia* and *Pinocchio*.

Though the two techniques are quite different, this rigorous training in the animated field has a lot to do with the pleasing effect of *Dennis the Menace*. His drawings are clean, economical, and full of motion. They demonstrate a sureness that not only expresses everything Ketcham wants to express, but also wins the admiration of other cartoonists.

Ketcham spent World War II in the navy, stationed in Washington. He helped plan War Bond promotion and worked on publications and training films. He also sold his first cartoon in 1942, to the *Saturday Evening Post*. This auspicious event took place a week before his marriage to Alice, the Boston-born secretary of an admiral at the Navy Department. Late the following year, he came up with *Half-Hitch*, the adventures of a diminutive sailor, which appeared for some time as a panel in the *Post* (he suspects himself of an affinity for little people). By the end of the war he felt sufficiently encouraged to throw up the prospect of a steady income at Disney's in favor of striking out for himself.

For three years the Ketchams lived in a Connecticut suburb while Hank sold panels on a free-lance basis to



"ONCE I START A BOOK I CAN'T LAY IT DOWN UNTIL I FINISH IT."



"WE'RE BEING HARASSING A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH ANTS IN THE TREAD BOX. I GUESS THAT'S WHY SHE THROWN OFF THE COVERS."



"IT'S EASY SEE? YOU JUST STICK OUT YOUR FOOT."



"KIDDER SOME OF THE PRINCE OFF THEN YOUR MOTHER WILL HAVE TO BUY IT."



"WHAT KIND OF INK VIOLETS BEST IN THIS THING?"

Above: An album of typical Dennises. Below: In new Spanish-language version he's "Daniel el Travieso," but still a menace



Collier's and the *SEP*. Then—with much trepidation on Alice's part, for like many Easterners she was convinced that civilization stops at the Alleghenies—they moved to Carmel, California, a part-resort, part-art-colony town on the beautiful stretch of coast south of San Francisco. Hank entered the wearing but profitable commercial field, drawing cartoons for advertising. Then *Dennis*.

It was Ketcham's experience in magazine work, together with an entirely normal disinclination to make any more work for himself than necessary, that led him to create *Dennis* as a panel, rather than as a strip. The panel form as it is known today developed in magazines and reached its acme in *The New Yorker*, which brought to perfection the one-line caption technique exemplified by *Dennis*. But it is equally well suited to solving make-up problems in newspapers, and is gaining in popularity. How right Ketcham was in his first decision he learned when he began to do the Sunday strip. Here there are two problems: first, the extra work entailed in making twelve drawings or so instead of one; second, the necessity for telling a story in such a way that the last two rows of drawings can stand alone, in case an editor snips off the top row for reasons of space.

In justice to the real *Dennis*, be it said the Ketchams figure—somewhat defensively by this time, since they are forever being asked—that their child is really no more of a menace than the next. In fact, he is widely regarded as having considerable charm. This his parents discovered when he broke up an elaborate party of theirs, a splendid affair involving black ties and sweeping gowns. Along about eleven, the living room began to seem strangely empty, yet no one had said good-night. At last they traced sounds of rude hilarity to the hall, and thence to *Dennis'* bedroom, where he was found to be holding a boisterous salon.

Still, some of his exploits have been transmuted into cartoons. There was the morning Alice went to the back door for the milk, and found on the doorstep several bottles of whipping cream, quarts of ice cream in various flavors, a brave array of cheeses, and a sample or two of every other product put out by the local dairy. Suspecting that the milkman had lost his mind, she rose next day at dawn to confront him. "Oh," he said innocently, "you mean I'm not to pay any attention to the kid?" The cartoon version had Mrs. Mitchell demanding of *Dennis*: "Did you tell the milkman we'd switched to beer?" The milkman situation in general offers endless possibilities. Ketcham says, for at that time of day a spirited child is likely to be up and about with the house to himself. So does the barber situation. The mutual hatred and distrust subsisting between barbers and their small clients is good for a *Dennis* cartoon about every six weeks. In this connection, the reason for our hero's sheepdog bangs is that at his age the real *Dennis* was adamant on the subject of a haircut.

Until recently Ketcham did all the drawings himself, but with the burden imposed by *Dennis'* expanding activities, he has hired an assistant. Faced with the need to come up with a fresh idea every day, and to stay eight weeks ahead of publication date (in emergencies, he

sometimes slips back a week or so, to the tune of anguished outcries from the syndicate), he long ago had to provide himself with a writer, Bob Harmon, who supplies close to nine tenths of his material. *The Washington Post* contest proved a gold mine. A rousing *Dennis* cartoon will come out of the anecdote of the little boy who burst into the living room stark naked, shouting "Look, Ma, I'm barefoot all over!" and there were dozens of other usable ideas. The real *Dennis* has outlived his usefulness as a source. He is past six now, but his fictional counterpart will never reach his fifth birthday. "Four's a good age," Ketcham explains. "A four-year-old has sharp eyes and imagination and an adequate vocabulary, but he's not really responsible for what he does."

Not everyone understands this cardinal feature of *Dennis'* character—that he is a fiend only to the extent that the average child his age is a fiend, that he is not just plain ornery, that at least most of the time he is acting with the best intentions in the world. Now that he is a household word, his creator is inundated with suggestions for cartoons, many of which resemble this recent one: how about showing *Dennis* putting the cat in the freezer? Ketcham was polite, but actually *Dennis* would never do a thing like that. That's overt cruelty.

Ketcham considers this eternal editing one of his biggest headaches. Not only must *Dennis* be kept in character, but his victims and his adventures must remain true to life rather than to funny-paper convention. Then there's the public, and its temper is uncertain. There had seemed nothing objectionable in one cartoon that showed *Dennis*, surrounded by food, shouting into a refrigerator: "Did the light go out, Larry?" But West Coast papers had lately been full of the tragedy of a California youngster who had shut himself into an abandoned icebox and smothered, and a number of angry letters from the area protested that *Dennis* was giving children dangerous ideas. Like most other comics, Ketcham's is aimed at adults; this incident only emphasized the point that everyone reads it.

The Ketchams came back East on *Dennis* business in December 1951. Reluctantly, for by then Alice had been completely won over. They intended to stay no more than half a year. But until last month they lived in a rambling Georgetown, Connecticut, house built about twenty years ago out of ancient materials to simulate the colonial farmhouses that abound in the area. Now, weary of New England weather and the midnight creaking of old boards—the house makes as much noise, they report, as if it were a genuine antique—and preferring California life and scenery, they have headed back to Carmel. Not to stay, Hank has decided. Too many distractions. It's hard enough at best for a cartoonist to get his job done, even when he's well stocked with ideas, what with carefree friends dropping by in midafternoon and asking who he thinks he's kidding, he doesn't consider *that* work, does he, and how about a swim? So the Ketchams plan to settle eventually somewhere else along the Pacific Coast. As a matter of fact, though an enthusiastic golfer, Ketcham estimates that last year he was able to get out on the course only about four times. ♦ ♦ ♦

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ACROSS THE RIVER

Dear Sirs:

In looking over the March 1953 issue of your publication, AMERICAS, I was interested to see an article on the work of the Brazilian-United States Economic Commission, particularly as it relates to recommendations for electric power development. At the head of the article, my attention was caught by a picture of the Avanhandava power plant in São Paulo, the capacity of which, according to the caption, will be tripled if the recommendations of the Economic Commission are carried out.

The Avanhandava power plant pictured is owned by the Companhia Paulista de Força e Luz, the most important Brazilian subsidiary of the American and Foreign Power Company. It has a generating capacity of 30,000 kilowatts and no further expansion is planned at that site. . . .

Apparently, the confusion results from the recommendation of the Economic Commission for the approval of the Paulista Company's Peixoto project, on which preliminary work has already begun. The Peixoto hydroelectric plant will be located on the Rio Grande, one of the branches of the Paraná, and is to be one of the largest electric-power projects ever executed in Brazil. . . . The initial installation will be comprised of two generating units of 40,000 kilowatts each, which are expected to be in operation by 1956. It is anticipated that the Peixoto plant will eventually have a capacity of about 400,000 kilowatts. . . .

Although Peixoto is our biggest active project, it is only part of the tremendous development that is taking place throughout Latin America in the electric-power industry, in which the private power companies are playing a big part.

H. W. Balgooyen, Vice President
American and Foreign Power Company
New York, N.Y.

Author Mauricio Caminha de Lacerda explains that the expansion at Avanhandava referred to in the caption and mentioned in his article is in the plant of the Companhia Nacional de Energia Elétrica de Catanduva, almost directly opposite the larger Companhia Paulista de Força e Luz installation on the Tietê River and using water from the same dam. Unfortunately, when a picture was sought, the photographer produced one of the wrong side of the river. We appreciate reader Balgooyen's spotting the mistake and providing the additional information on his company's part in the expansion of Brazilian electric-power capacity.

ROADS AND RAIN

Dear Sirs:

We read the interesting article by Maurice Robine entitled "South American Way" in the January issue of AMERICAS. The author states twice that the best time to travel in South America is between December and March except in Bolivia where heavy rain makes road trips difficult during that period. Since this information is not entirely accurate, we suggest that you publish in one of the forthcoming issues the rainfall chart appearing on page 10 of the book *Caracas-Buenos Aires*, which was published in 1941 by the Argentine Automobile Club.

In another part of the article Mr. Robine says that the best way to get from Lima to Cuzco is by air, since the land route is extremely rugged. We want to call your attention to the fact that three roads in excellent condition connect these two points and the only difficulty lies in the great distances involved rather than in the roads themselves.

Ricardo Palma S.
Touring and Automobile Club of Peru
Lima, Peru

According to the book, the shaded areas in the chart reproduced here indicate periods during which travel over the Pan American Highway between Caracas and Buenos Aires may be made difficult by rains or thaws along the route. However, the motorist should remember that conditions will vary greatly between different zones

PAISES COUNTRIES	VENEZUELA	COLOMBIA	ECUADOR	PERU	BOLIVIA	CHILE	ARGENTINA
MESES MONTHS							
ENERO JANUARY							
FEBRERO FEBRUARY							
MARZO MARCH							
ABRIL APRIL							
MAYO MAY							
JUNIO JUNE							
JULIO JULY							
AGOSTO AUGUST							
SEPTIEMBRE SEPTEMBER							
OCTUBRE OCTOBER							
NOVIEMBRE NOVEMBER							
DICIEMBRE DECEMBER							

within each country listed, Mr. Robine writes: "The reason I suggested December through March as the best time to travel is that these are the months of dry weather in Colombia and Venezuela, and summer, or vacation season, in Chile and Argentina. As for the coast of Peru, during most of the rest of the year Lima lies begloomed under a mantle of grey clouds. Unfortunately, the seasons do not coincide in all of Peru, for when the skies over Lima are blue, it is rainy season in the highlands. When I was in Lima in February 1951, I had planned to drive to Cuzco, but I went by plane instead because the most direct route was closed due to heavy rains. I am not familiar with road conditions on the other two routes, but do know that the distance to Cuzco is lengthened considerably, as one branches off from the Pan American Highway at Nazca and the other at Arequipa."

SWAP SHOP

The following readers would like to exchange stamps: Marta Vanni, 4 Norte 657, Santiago, Chile; Manuel Alberto Cabeza, Colón 287, Oliva (Provincia de Córdoba), Argentina; A. S. Williamson (see Mail Bag for address); and Enrique Zapata S., Casilla 399, Antofagasta, Chile. Interested in exchanging magazines and post cards are: Lorenzo Martí Bernabéu and Hiram Padilla Arbona (both listed in Mail Bag) and a young man who signs himself only E. S. G., Santa Isabel 10, Zaragoza, Spain.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Where a language preference has been expressed it is indicated below by an initial after the name.

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Etiwanda, California

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Agrupación de Intendencia
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Plaza Mayor
Zaragoza, Spain

Hiram Padilla Arbona (S, E)
P.O. Box 98
Jayuya, Puerto Rico

Lorenzo Martí Bernabéu (E, S)
Plaza Padre Urios 17 - 1°
Játiva, Valencia, Spain

Nadine Biggart (E, S)
Roscoe, Illinois

A. S. Williamson (E)
c/o Northern Pacific Ry. Co.
3500 N. E. Main Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Donald Peterson (E, S, F)
11 So. 1st Street
Fulton, New York

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PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

1. The contest is open to all amateur photographers of the member countries of the Organization of American States, except employees of the Pan American Union and their immediate families. Closing date is October 1, 1953. Entries must be postmarked no later than that date. No entry fee is required.
2. Subject matter must be typical of your country: people, places, things. Any number of photographs may be submitted by an entrant.
3. Only unpublished photographs are eligible for the contest.
4. Only black-and-white glossy prints will be judged. Touched-up or colored prints are not acceptable, nor should there be any signature on the photographic surface. Size must be 8 x 10 inches.
5. Photos should be sent by registered mail. They should be protected by cardboard to avoid folding and cracking. Do not send negatives.
6. Each print must have glued on the back a filled-in entry blank as provided here, or facsimile thereof. Please print or typewrite the information requested on the blank.
7. All prints will be held for judging after October 1, 1953, and no entries will be returned. Announcement of winners will be published in the February 1954 English, and March 1954 Spanish and Portuguese, editions of AMERICAS. Our judges' decisions will be final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. All entrants who win prizes will be required to lend original negatives before prizes are awarded. Winning photos will be published in AMERICAS with full credit to the photographer. They may also be included in an exhibit presented in the Pan American Union building in Washington, and later circulated throughout the United States. Non-prize-winning pictures acceptable to AMERICAS may be bought for single publication at the regular rate of \$5.00, payable when used.
9. The best entry from each of the twenty-one American Republics will receive a prize of \$25.00. A grand prize of \$75.00 will be given for the best of the twenty-one winning photos.
10. Address all entries to Photo Contest Editor, AMERICAS, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. We cannot enter into correspondence of any kind regarding entries.

This entry blank, or facsimile thereof, must be glued to the back of each photograph entered.

.....
Name.....

Street, or Box Number.....

City..... State..... Country.....

Picture Title.....

Where Made.....

Lens..... Aperture and Shutter Speed.....

Film..... Filter.....

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